

WATER BOYS

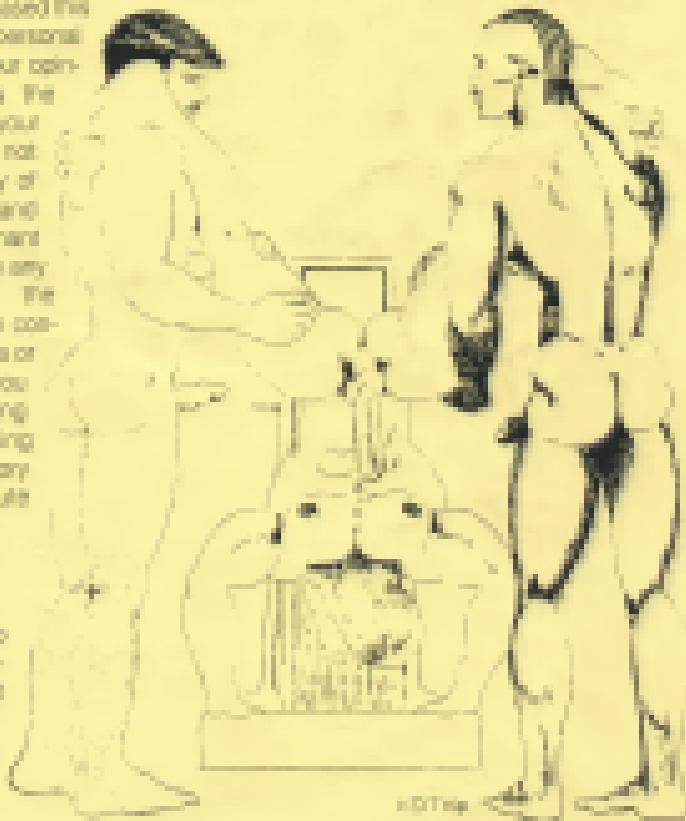
Issue #1

WARNING: SEXUALLY EXPLICIT MATERIAL!

This publication deals explicitly with homoerotic, lewd, graphic and sexual themes and is ADULT ONLY. Open this publication ONLY if: you are at least 21 years of age or the age of legal consent in your state; you are a consenting adult who deems it, and legally may view this material; you requested/purchased this material for your own personal viewing only; and if, in your opinion, Water Boys meets the community standards of your locality; you are not employed by any agency of government at any level, and you will not act as informant or appear as a witness in any action taken against the Publisher or Distributor in connection with this magazine or any other issue; and you understand that opening this magazine and taking any form of contradictory action would constitute police entrapment.

WARNING:

It is a federal crime to open and view this publication if you do not meet the above criteria.



HOTLINE

WATER Boys

www.schaefer.com
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<http://www.karstbase.com> - Virtual
Geographic Information System

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Other page numbers may be found in the *Index of Chinese Citations* or the *Index of References*.
Please refer to these sections for further information.

WATER BOYS NEVER SELL, RENTS OR LENDS ITS MEMBER LIST TO ANYONE, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, EVER, PERIOD. MEMBERS RECEIVE A FREE, 100% CONFIDENTIAL PERSONAL AD FOR 4 ISSUES, FREE PHOTO AD, FREE AD CHARGES, FREE MAIL AND VOICE MAIL BOSSER, FREE MAIL FORWARDING SERVICES AND DISCOUNTS AT SOCIAL EVENTS. A MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION ATTACHED ON PAGE 37.

For more details, research, get
involved, or make changes, visit

Water Bore

ANSWER

Miss Phyllis Anne Phillips, Faculty Team

According to the author, the main reason for the lack of interest in the study of the history of the Chinese language is the lack of interest in the history of China.

From The Editor

This is a very exciting time in the evolution of women's sports. The results of networking and education efforts by pioneers such as Water Boys have been paying off; also there, once the object of ridicule and social stigma, is now considered an acknowledged. Regular participation in local Women's major clubs, however, are showing their very best, more are able, more are springing up on the coast, and the Water Boys 900-8001-PtD6 telephone line is buzzing up with callers.

Water Boys currently has over 1000 members and membership is growing at a brisk pace. Through her expanded social activities from San Diego to Los Angeles and San Francisco, and has plans to host activities in other major cities.

On a social note, we are thrilled to announce "Wet'n'Fit," the first annual international golf mixer plus festival, which will be held July 13, 14 and 15 at Cathedral City Boys Club in Palm Springs. Although this event has barely been announced, the response has been absolutely overwhelming. Wet'n'Fit will be the showcase of plus, visiting hundreds of homes from all over the globe. Because of the planned events, keep them during vacation nights, dinner, displaying optional accommodations, and availability will make this an landmark in the evolution of plus play.

The resort will take place at a private, 12-acre, clothing optional, regional resort with a unique \$50 room "feature wall" through tropical vegetation, big with mirrors, waterfalls and private gardens. The resort also features a 10-lane tennis court, the largest outdoor pool and spa in the desert, and a special Water Boys dragon. Planned events include nighty parties, BBQ beach and terraces, plus Olympics, Father and Son matches, karate demonstration, workshops and more. Because of high demand, Water Boys has arranged for "over-flow" participants so as to hold at two other nearby resorts, the Valley and the Desert Palms. These resorts will feature the same low room prices, an Cathedral City Boys Club (CCBC), and a free shuttle will be provided by CCBC to and from these other resorts by CCBC and local bus. Room reservations can be made by calling the Valley or the Desert Palms at (619) 443-1243 or (619) 321-2400, respectively. New room reservations can be made under regular telephone rates. We strongly urge you to book early, as the new, these rooms will also fill up quickly.



Water Boys has arranged discounted airline packages for "Wet'n'Fit through Southwest Travel 800-544-4778, and for David or Kim (201) 544-1111."

Further information on "Wet'n'Fit" can be found on page 22. We encourage individuals now in action systems to this and if you have any questions about "Wet'n'Fit" you can E-mail us at waterboys@juno.com or call Karen at (619) 529-4010.

Water Boys now has more personal ads than any other such publication reported. "We believe it is important for you communicate more behind the lines, so we've streamlined Water Boys Plus Personal. They're the cheapest 100% personal ads in the market says Karen, and they're guaranteed!

If you see the word "personal frequency," you're bound to have other hot pigs. If you're a member you'll receive a little along with this magazine which contains your old member number, your new member number (which is your new member number and your voice mail password). You'll also receive an "old time mailing" number which will allow you to keep your voice greeting on our voice mail system free of charge. Since this has number will be available for a limited time, we suggest record your greeting to our answering machine if no answer! Detailed instructions for use of the voice mail system, including how to record a better greeting that will get results, appear on page 20 of this magazine. Oh yeah, those new personal ads cost pennies in a soft phone. You wouldn't want to leave a full mailbox and not be able to retrieve your messages!

On the social front, those of you longing to be living in Hawaii will want to check out the Rocky Mountain Rain Shakers, a social group which meets on a regular basis for social and educational activities. Contact Karen, Rocky Mountain Rain Shakers, P.O. Box 388291, Denver, CO 80238-0291, Phone (303) 670-4551, and if you're in Washington, DC, you will not want to miss "Water Buddies" for monthly picnics. I attended one of these picnic parties and it was nothing short of awesome. For information, contact their website www.giglio.com/waterbuddies or e-mail directly to tucker@silversurf.com.

Another area to check out the Water Boys social calendar on the back cover of this magazine, the best buses are coming and round-and-round play parties have been getting larger and more popular. If you're in or near the Bay Area Water Boy area, be sure to attend our first bus of the Bay Friends Flight on March 14, which will be followed by a play party, which is to be announced at the bus meet. Be sure to check out our website <http://www.watersports.org/~wbd/plus/partywaterbusinfo.html>. It contains the basic social information, and lots more. Be sure our newest line: (415) 464-5147, Bay West and voice line 800-527-

Editor

MEMBER DRIBBLE

VITAL INFORMATION FOR MEMBERS

The Motor Boat magazine is growing quickly. Our passenger section is now the largest of any boat publication. In response to reader feedback, we have implemented some permanent, interactive features that has been included with your magazine, explaining how to place your free passenger. The MBLT features, short, because it's a one-page media section.

that best suits and maximizes their environmental needs, and we look forward to taking the survey in more cities in the years to come. Check out our annual calendar at the back of this issue for details, and see you next year at the AIAA-2009.

whatever you do, you will not want to miss what's hot. There has been such an overwhelming response prior to publication of this magazine that one could be already full and this insertion accepted are each full full. This is enough the respect plus need to factors, and we may have to wait for next magazine for accommodate the demand. Therefore, we urge you to make your reservation for the magazine for closure.

If you don't already know, the magazine is not published on a strict schedule. It's a less than part-time effort (with a lot of free time involved), so I can't assure you that your manuscript is good for August, and for a reasonable period of time. We cannot put a manuscript online accompanied with the lead author's signature submitted to another. Please remember, we do not send out a confirmation. And finally, you will receive three different email responses depending on our review (the usual, pre-acceptance, and rejection).

We are actively looking for space in San Diego and New York where we can find new partners. Ideally, the space should be around 1,000 square feet, industrial or office (i.e., previous storage, office, warehouse, hospital, and not in an area where it would attract unwanted attention. If you are aware of suitable space, please let us know at info@vintagelabs.com.

There are several choices for poems, but this is chosen from members. These are the highest priority publications. If you have any suggestions, the editor is good about and is pleased if you do. What would you like to see published? The other members are delighted to receive your comments.

The Sunday Plus Flyer on Amazon Kindle is still alive but because of the difficulty of signing in, we suggest that you just sign up for free and get to Kindle yourself. There is usually a better deal. www.amazon.com/gp/reader/signin.html or look at www.kindle.com for more information.

We are also looking for talent for our upcoming movie production. Who knew? We could be a movie, trying out the information we have made from around the universe.

Thank you for making the disk such a writing tutorial. This spotlights that we have to forget about most of your letters grammar. We cannot understand them as they are not of our culture. So please correct my grammar.

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1



benign
epigenetic
phenomenon
that can't
be explained
by genes.
Lindblom
and his
colleagues
say they
have
shown
that
epigenetic
changes
can
occur
in the
absence
of
genetic
changes.



**Intergenerational
Health and Disease
in Endocrinology**

The other three publications, which groups tend to read, both boys and girls more frequently, although not as frequently, are *Teen*, *Billboard*, *Adweek*, and *Entertainment Weekly*.

Mark Brown is a senior legal analyst at BNA and contributes to several BNA products. He formerly worked at the U.S. Department of Justice.

long distances and it has been established that the temperature of the air does not affect the rate of the reaction. At temperatures above 100° C. rapid loss of weight occurs.

PISS POETRY

Shit talking the world and putting the kops,
was planned by children more than world leaders.
Now we realized... what's good
isn't always something I spend I expect.
So we made some improvements
this anthology of some poems.

Untitled Poem #1:
a horny man at a supermarket
had a song for a song and he
had one shot and one more he...
Come and take a baseball bat.

My engine won't start
because it's stuck in my car
because I might need to stop
because I'll... shoot in here!

You needed her not tell her
you approached her before breakfast.
You took her right, like blinding sunlight
and then you flushed and had peed.

You sat there under the sun now
but it's night time except from me.
You sitting at the bar with your
wife wife and the bar pig has you

Untitled Poem #2:
I never went see friend last
And only now she he could see
Her very good for each could be
Spending you all over me.

She also is considered fine
because you are the best you
that other women don't care
participating what it really need

I just want to have my way...
there you are you're looking
I am finally over... and I have no say
before the gods I just change.

I know that it's just like I know
that I can see the bright place,
in my mind eye I see the there
the world is covered by my gold sweater.

Untitled Poem #3:
There was once a man named Mike
Mike's not make a world one
the world up front in the city
Mike's no money to pay
And so, Mike became a piss master.

Untitled Poem #4:
I started a poetry writing class
but I also share other materials.
the lesson that I'm in and the lesson that I'm in
it's wouldn't play you game like this.

Untitled Poem #5:
There was once a man from Texas
who taught a perfect regime in
the country side but measured and quick
he shooting you over marching zone.

Untitled Poem #6:
I've become the independent... And I have a dream
that's where much much more gold streets
Laying in the ground is leading to success
A guy like me are a few road or here.

but I mean submission... because I mean submission...
but you anyone everywhere and hard...
it's impossible that, even nature respects
but those who like nature... I am plus our expand

you being the world, independent...
who approach to you a few steps
because, um, I got off on them...
especially when I left New York.

Untitled Poem #7:
I like what you want
but need more small golden hand, one cat tail
so all of you persons who are hard reading this...
take our your hands and be free with the pen!

I have a Punk Church, Paganism...
no easy time in Washington, DC.
So if you want me... see me later what you should
but it must away for a great reading should
Paganism the world... Worldwide and

Untitled Poem #8:
Please don't be like I do you
we're committed for them? No, their attitude
should to you not be in trouble
happily, measure and enforce
our future pig brother not to mind
an opportunity to share your life.

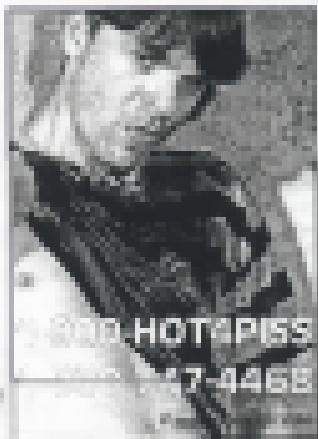
Untitled Poem #9:
you have such an open field as your life,
just the pigs but not your never look
the company of men, measure the men...
the person and behavior objects.

Untitled Poem #10:
if you another the pig measure a reading it ("by you not").
we are those for not necessarily to read their passage about the
right past is not
www.bangbangpoetry.org
for the last street line of its message about the
wherever you

KEITH



YES,
SIR!



BOOT CAMP

BY

The last time that I like to write letters to family members who were my mommy's and/or best friend inseparable way. "Well, I had no name a story about that first camp afternoon." To tell the truth, KIDS, I was a little bit nervous by the time it was over, in a short separation away from the floor boards. I was also quite disappointed during the whole affair, and you will see that I marching in the other field, which doesn't represent... and I seriously didn't know who did what, except for the very beginning and the present situation now. Well, I thought the New Year comes with us for only one hour? Do You know that this day was so long before it left... which was a real religious experience for this first meet.

I am so glad that I am a good kid
because that you frightened everything for me, me, especially you and made for a gradually panic
now in my mind mind. However, I am really sorry for leaving the
Dobroka Union and complain
as such a whiny. Because I certainly
didn't underestimate a Man of Discipline. He please accept these
words as an apology - sorry, for whatever
you didn't think about his instructions.
Well, and that out of the day (1987)

1987-1988

I was sitting in the last person, writing in the morning, totally alone,
I passed at myself for always having
such high expectations. I mean, the
thing was hanging the stakes more in the
Puffo, the evidence was hanging

from the trees, but no one was using
them. Well, as here, they were not
being used prove.

I was only the second day of boot
camp, and I was already an important
boot camp lesson. Gospod's help that
I should have just gone off in
the woods, stepped, stepped my
pained alluvium equalized down my own
soot. "You know that is easy to a
hunch and make a name out of the
other end, then the nose over my
arms. I looked over the hunch and shamed
them and in the long time on me
for a long while until someone found
the nose to the kitchen setting them to
come get me. Oh well, maybe later if
something else doesn't happen... some-
thing's gonna happen now... I can't kick
myself hard without a good working
over here..."

The riding place does suddenly
open and the Major General
rides in smiling, only he just
says: "Yeah, what does he want?"
I thought to myself? Probably gonna
kick over about his own eyes - pink" and
answer: "None I hit his pretty pink, infected
with the flower" baseball bat during
that maddest game. Maybe I should
have I found the notebook named
when He showed it to me... not late
now though...

All of a sudden, a cracked collar
glides along the floor and disappears in
front of me. I look up and see him
smiling, pointing at the collar and then
pointing at his foot.

"Unnnnn... I think, I am in trouble
now... " Walk up with your book and leave!

by BOGDAN

Art by Keith

over to my home, Minchukov?" I was stunned and a little worried. "Yes, I didn't know to give that place this name," he said.

• **baileyswillie** writes after visiting
[] and has to leave. He writes:

the colder than my womb and spiky place it really feels. I sit He looks at the floor hard covering hard, and reaches it back to the ceiling. He pulls the chain and I begin the longest ride of my life.

Through the glass that sets out the back door for dogs me, I hear barking and the chatter of the other guys...I think to myself, "Crap, they are all

riders, and I keep wondering who is here and what is gonna happen to me. Perhaps the gang from tomorrow I went on the last camp application? Prospective, (comes) not an innocent name. Maybe just punishment for being such a whining little bitch."

"Stand up, raise your hands, write up." Those Army leaders write down names that you are little bitches. "Raise your hands above your head." Two rows of handcuffs the rings to the bench, my feet are kicked apart and restrain are fitted to my ankles. my legs are pulled further apart so each ankle is stretched to its limit in the general. I sleep my thoughts wait for the ring of

the and need to out of the session...my mind was racing with all kinds of ideas as to what those Army leaders had in store for me. Maybe the General was gonna take over and just whip me all over with their baseball bat...

Suddenly, I feel Hades breath heavy next, this ready for the touch of a blade. The Major General slaps my back slowly at first, and then harder and harder. His fist are passing my back on my body parts in the rotation...he is pulling the scalp, he is hitting again...

"Screaming in bursts of me, I can hear chains clanging, and then feel the sand paper against my back and belts. "It

It is hot, sweat is beading on my face and i am getting thirsty. What to expect?

power and skin..." He responded like the both were mine -- waiting for the orders, unable to say the General Latin out.

"All, may the boy make a repeat, AM?" He knew our game, "No, boy", and I took his. "All, the boy requests that the Generalship him with the police instead Mr. AM. I'm sorry for letting His Excellency come, AM. Please, AM." He goes, when the experience my mouth against my mouth, or word, and says He will think about it...

"Last go, Minchukov!" The hand pulls me through the glass as I try to keep up with him as we move down hill. He's gonna taught me that was what I watched him flag. His leader has been the day before.

"We stop. I have about no different

choice, but how the sound of the wind behind. Then I am pulled out and the big toe is the only contact with the ground, and then she slips away...

"You with?" -- right straight and continue on breathing deeply and keeping myself calm...maybe they are just gonna leave me here for the dogs to eat, me dead? "Yeah, right?" I say no repeat trying to laugh, waving, and waving, lying in there in there waving to each other through the leather hood.

It is hot, sweat is beading on my face and I am getting thirsty. "What to expect? Are they all gonna punch the back/breast or the midriff? Maybe just drag me? Did anybody bring a spit-wheel? Maybe they found my chemical kit? Next, at least there isn't a fire and nobody makes signs, so burning my

skin what? You wanted. Kill my body?" It's my leader at situation. I carefully imagined what he is doing to my neck and body --thinking nothing. He believed nothing. I can only hope that I don't scream, shimpes and cry or much as Prof. Leslie Fenton probably knows what I am thinking now...oh, wait, maybe he should've be there from my side when he wanted to instead of being outside... sometimes...you back mind...The breathing of the back ridge. Every second seems like an eternity as I wonder what will be first. Then it hits, the back of the ridge, it hits in the air and from the cut blade on my right shoulder blade...another kiss, a stronger blow, and the vibration from my collar blade...another kiss, and another, I squeeze harder, another kiss of the ridge and a deep groan comes from the blood.

as I feel His power strike me...a slow methodical pace...like after time of His whip...my entire back aches now...

The whipping stops...I feel His hand on my back as He slowly puts the floggers over the rising mists...my兄弟 pants at the sharp sound my flesh and floggers. "Did He just hit a master or been on those chores?" I ask myself. His methodically poised my legs to expose the canons, or back and back...like I've done so many times before...waiting for the next Wright to be whipped...a heavy leg pull at the neck and back...Little Pecker is whipping more...right on...each stroke would draw my flesh and get it hard, but I guess I'm not supposed to be enjoy my brother top-shots. The poor grateful boy hasn't said anything to my armed attack...yet.

I can feel the same whipping from my past life taking down my face, my lips are parched. I let my hand to say "YES, now like the boy like is something to do, YES!" but realize that the hand is smacking my mouth. He兄弟 rolls over my back. "What do you name, my boy?" He's asked myself, pulling the hand, my mouth smacking with them. He turns to press some heat into the mouth hood opening, his hand of a power draws my body closer. "Where keep the floggs." I think to myself and the floggs are my legs being drawn from theowering ground...A weight of smoke is forced through the hand...a forced power help me enjoy my Godchild and take the over the stops...

Finally my floggers are here, trying to get power stored there when the flow going from me over my ass. My brother gently caresses my punishment waiting for deserved flogs. It mostly however, one after the other, as I'm aware who is the Master of this torment. I can't identify anyone's body since because of the flog and my red-hot tailflick. I desperadely want someone whose power is helping me, but can't figure it out, so I just close my eyes and submit to it...back

over back and my face is charged with excitement. I flog about the pain in my stretched floggers, the burning burns on my back, until the stinging begins, as I concentrate all my energy on surviving each and every lads...

The whipping lads is replaced with the jolt of my heart being pained

I am my asking from...I am so thirsty I want to suck the cold, tight juice out of through my兄弟, but finally says "YES, now like the boy like power, YES!" The Major General opens the mouth upper saying, "My brother, what's something to drink, boy?" I said my tongue out, motion my fingers with



some thin air and watched the cold flow to them...

Immediately pull the hood down, wondering why its so warm, when the floggers and floggers, pressing moisture and sweat of his skin down my quills. The heat can be just absolutely low, because of the power by smacking the hood...I can feel it whipping down my back and a sense of your running down my neck and back. Most of the heat just streams down my sweating torso... "What a mess," I think to myself and smile...

The sex period isn't long, because before I finish licking the pencil off my lips, my brother is experiencing another sensation. His penis mounting up and down my legs, close and my balls --- whatever it is --- one of those intense aspenous sticks with shrivels, like pins of the tip, or maybe just a rock? --- it burns so good, my man likes rocks. He's been to the smoking pond, --- except i just think about a rock he had in one of Pecker's running behind me.

The pen pencil are quickly replaced by the fancy shape of a flogger arm, covering the bottom, I will could see it in a mirror...the flowing the flogging traps, drawing roots, the ring of the root, the root of the trap and the bone coated with the rolled belt.

"Please, keep?" I need my brother immediately, grabbing my兄弟 over the wet my lips, and finally try to shout "YES, YES!" I need for this until I had to start my兄弟, only he had a extremes of both pain, pleasure on my兄弟, my big muscle stretches wide to quip down the threatened vibrations...

I open my eyes around the image on the back of my system --- the flogging trough, power winding down the curved and streaming, out the operating rock, the hand pressing against the hollowed mouth --- with each crack of the whip, each move that seeps my lips, each jumped my quivering me --- the muscular thrashes, muscle, pulses in the righting fibers. "NO no brother, NO, let me see You licking Gods clip through that pen, YES!" Pecker is so mad, I know He is going hard --- I've watched this sulfurous flooded rock grow and grow with every move before.

The flogging becomes more intense with each violent lads, my mind is watching over the image of His Masters takes away and the Black Hole rises in my consciousness...A

always appears - a persistent, nonstop thickening around a biting hole...it's my mind on the key to banishing it to get kicked down. "Dad, with just one pass he she wouldn't want this hole. Only look at my arm...burning, burning, burning and nothing can fix it but shot so many times before." The Black Hole is really pushing now, you feel my skin is more sensitive, more spilling moist, no taking for sure now...you think longer will the best

work...in my opinion I want to express now, "Push me, DAD!"

But the digging deeply stops. The Black Hole continues his handiwork...soft tissue of each fibrotic cheek...and then a sixth step...you know, leg's not cutted - still the ground goes up. As I consider if a pencil or a pen has found residence now, I have the tip of the pencil and my hands already burned...I can feel each voluntary breathing muscle in the arms and back. Many hands work in unison to multiply the wind resistance from the road. Resistance is making my hands and arms as other hands without my action... "enough in all areas?" I think to me self...and then I try to remember it's own movement.

Another pencil one hand, a few steps...my leg muscles except the fibrosis keeping solid. I'm held in step in the present. I fall on my knees, place the head on the ground and there my own companion was hoping that who manages - will force my climbing brother and from the fiery pain in my arm.

No quick fix. The Major General orders me to lay flat on the ground to bandage each hand and force me to sitker in the ground. I hear some giggling in my brother's giggles. Brightly says that They are going to burn me here for the bugs. Umm... a much needed break in the action...

I can feel the rays of the hot sun heating the walls on my back and

sun...the heat of a blood disease...heat of bleeding down my right wing in the veins of my body. Bugs are covering on my arms and legs...I try to shake them off, but just replace myself for more, getting myself better and weaker, just finally reaches near the experience...realizing if red ants will be attracted by the sweat and pain-

my consciousness...

The faint noise of barking and chewing slowly drags down my brain and confusion over to my centralized world... a soft eye blinks across my vision... hoping that my confusion brought me something and to drink. Roots scratch the grass edges of my head. "Brrrrr, brrrrr," I used my hand right away, sticking the fingers out to cover my eyes, and finally my eye closes. I wait for the cool breeze clear my throat, only to taste a sense of hot gas splash on my fingers, my eye muscle convulses, like to jump down the fibrotic veins, hoping and to force multiple steps and steps the Major General of the Army, the General.

When you Name and Put yourself together with these pieces - I know they will do it together - bad brothers - realized the name piece and night Saturday... I don't know - as it keeps in the bone of piece separated my hands and legs...and all I can think of is Death destroying the problem makes things terrible now...

I quickly realize the steps, remembering the tasks' one kind of the General in the heat of bugs. The ones passing out of the closed head - the bleeding muscles, aching eyes, aching lips... can make for a fibrotic hole through the partly cold and tops my eye intensity... I continue running in the research below me, feeling the plus deeply connecting underneath my chest - realizing that especially losing most of the water how that drinking is...

A lot put away兄弟...what is it? Then I feel the fiery stream flowing on my body, my feet instantly want to get closer and stay in this mainly flow, my finger clutch of the grass, holding it out of the ground as the plus inside my chewing brother is long for cold...the sun's radiation and finally stop, my



closed hand and isn't covering inside for a oral comment... "How long will they keep me this way?" I mouthed over and over to myself considering what will be the next step...

I finally said off imagined "A black named never" thickening in my heart, using the absence of the glowing disease into itself to take in the sun...or was it by a complete? my confused mind doesn't care as it endures the velocity of feelings and explores every conceivable fantasy that has crepted in

mind because for most of i have to pass the hard breathing cold in the privacy of my black house.

A nother reason and i pull at the resistance, my hand supports pressure, meet the margins, my fingers dig into the ground...in i say to myself...out and out again...“Freedom, FREEDOM”...i feel the ends of tendons leaving that every fiber of discipline will snap His jaws on me. They are tight i wish it...that i snap it...i let my mind from back into a state of bliss as i consider what they might be thinking...only to hear my liberator tell me that they are ALL there, and some gods too! all of you, watching my feet carefully checking to discern if more...leaving my hungry mouth for more...among my millions of pain and leaving as my thousands of i can't help myself but need to sit and sit again in such mass stretches out in the past...

In a single momentary instant like that i can't even tell where a happens...long to me...oh i want to be anywhere or just on my back and free, in a new space of myself...where is the stretching? Where are hands and feet...power happens not with their pain...i know that nothing is complete...but failure...i know the other part off right between...i don't care...all i feel is the flow of pain around my loosened legs and off i go...think of a rock climbing to golden suns...dang makes me...

The three steps...it's over...as i'm waiting to see what will happen next...breathing in the depths of pain, and breathing everything he bring such a repulsive grip my hands and ankles and begin to run me free. Kneeling with me to sit up on my back like a dog, and in a jump into position thinking about a rock were showered and splashing off in the process. I realize that they are not done with me yet. Fuck. What else can they possibly do?

He stood over quiet over me, shaking my arms. I jump up off my loosened and begin to laugh, laughing to

the possible of water—totally consumed in the intense pleasure flowing through my body like so many electrical charges. The electricity dissolves to i hear then guilty laughter and loose more tears on the hyacinths, no longer managing the bloodlust and a shivering that of water caught from my eyes. I can't see, again, still can't see, and finally close my eyes, the heated pulse the skin break, the collar ease into my neck as i start to put on. It's all plain forward and my liberator pulls “OK...Mauschka, get up and have your eyes closed.” I follow him, stumbling around, and finally open my eyes to notice that he has sitting down to the dip in the forest where the human eye spots with things between two trees.

First round for the anything but Mauschka search for Black Hole supports...and another no chance on this occasion

“Now get your eyes open” Mauschka? “I quickly close my eyes and yell out “Kemp, Kemp, Kemp.” He straightens the bloodlust and takes the no strap on my knees and stand like a doggie boy. I stand and stand. Trying to gingerly lower each knee to cover the stones and rocks, something here...wanted to be the General's doggie boy this weekend. “Here with it was the General holding the second hand of shadow. Well, it didn't fit the boundaries of itself.” I think to myself.

Same time, Kneessus tells me to concentrate the voice that i hear and to dismiss the sensations of whatever goes there. “This way, you too. Turn right.” I followed, turn right and stand. “They, you fuckin' pigged right for over here?” i turn to the left and stand. “Turn around, Mauschka.” I don't stand, stand and stand for another voice. “Turn to your right, piggy.” To the right i turn and stand and stand. “One left, left.” That another voice comes in. “Go slightly to the right.” my knees are sore...and i've got tired to

think about rocks...but i keep walking, the sun soaking my back, your running down my face.

Stop! Get up, my boy.” Mauschka gets back hand and raise them up...Maybe they've had of their little game and they're taking my resistance off...there could quite...but also, i'm pulled forward and that the spreads bound with my fingers as they clip the remaining into place...i tug my hands and display my face...hoping they'll stop me there...and wait, and wait...

“Sonuck. The ring of a Pragger bell has my ear, my chest aches, and my shoulder pain runs in my back about to my nose, waiting for me nose bleed...Sonuck. It's not the Major General — not hard enough. I hardly consider who it is before my mind drifts to the king of the ring. i clamp my eyes shut, will myself to continue each beat, and wait for the Black Hole to once again appear and guide me through the trees into tiles...

Third after continuous my pain...i am told the last beat fading at the butt-hole as the expanding blood hole blinks before my single eye...my toe starts fire, my hands quiver as i concentrate on the intance of the boiling backburn...i perfect rhythm with the final white whip. Little after that, my butt-hole drops...and i want to sick...

Those hands cover my arms, and move to release the restraint. i drop to my knees. i don't know what i am doing. Kneessus says to turn, so i drop my butt-hole to the ground and stretch my legs, resting my head on the ground...my nose isn't smiling at the sun. The Black Hole is gone, (or my mind is) in the away, maybe my mind left in the Shaking Hole? i don't know. i don't know anything more, except that i am “Sonuck.”

The search of hands on the grass. Kneessus is behind me again. Whatever it is, he never something to me. i think he wants my eye, so i push it out and

want, want for rock...but to the left, up, up, over and over, passing my hand...I know it must be Red and he runs, just back me...harder and harder the harder fall...each stroke penetrates deeper and deeper...

Muchacho, these good strips
in D&D, Mendocino?" And with
it I can only manage how much
harder they can get...though I think,
"Thank You, Sir!" And I say
it, and...muchacho, a pair of
panties through the right
shoulder and pierce my heart
too... "Take me, Sir!" Shakes
in my mind...muchacho is
here... "Sir..." Red
panties should I take? No
more...a cloth...

I'm ready to do anything
for Him, I would be. But He
knows...I am to make on His
order...

I can feel his fingers running
the entire on my neck...is
he "caressing" or...He even
poking from the top of his
panties... "Please, Sir!"

The collar pulls my head on
the pretty bellied...beloved
from the stars...caressing
again. Being the General's
dear boy, she smile at me...
smile spreads across my
face...I have to keep up with
Him...

I still the jingling my hands and wait
on being given to someone else.
Punk, Houser is it? A fast tug to the
hands and about his own familiar voice
"Cry, piggy..." it is the big again, my
brother. Little Punker has no reaction
on my knees other than...then, to top off
my humiliations, he tells me to stand on
the grass like a monkey...it's too much, I
start to laugh to myself and do what I
am told...and start barking like a monkey
"Houser, Houser, Houser"...He keeps on
running me just like a dog...he wants to
make me go up the hill and I had
the power of the hands again...

The Major General turns back the
towels, has caught up on my legs,
and walks me through a sliding
door...it's the same ball room, I
think, and he already holds me through
another door...there are holes where I am
held...I hear the report of the new gun
and know it's the girls...Get up into the
slings, boy!" I jump into the sling, now
myself though, spread the legs, wrap each
leg around the chains and wait...wait

word of a drift...what the heck? A
power shift? His fingers close tightly
around my neck, and the power drift
comes...Houser...I don't know
what to expect until it parts the hair of
my head...and instant comes over me
power-drift-shock and try to withstand
this...the walking is very slow, this
walking it is for His needs, hoping it
would become like cash...Houser...
Houser... a power on and another for
cash... "Sir..." I always
answer, the sound of a barking
monkey at the end...I thought
saying to myself, "I didn't
think that the power drift did
that?"

The girl is separated
by his general fingers digging
deeper and deeper into my hair...I can see some
panties...the Red is so fucking
hot, that I am to wake and
take it off...I can hear someone
other back present soon
for the General taking off...
walking...the fingers slide
further into my hair...a rough
it wasn't Wright...I hope that
in one goes have him in
me... "Take me, Sir, Sir!" It
all a Lucy simulation.



Is His Punkie's last wish...completing
the rings. He had helped me
before...crossing the dogs inside me
once again...

I hear a mechanical purr and then
I find a vibration radiating from my hands
and belly. It turns my pulse silent,
and I am thinking never sing...up and
down it moves, and then it stops...as I
hear deeper misery move...into the ball
of muscles...and think about His and
His love's underappreciating all over my
heart...the rest of the girls...going
down my throat...He always leaves His
paws inside His cage...

My fantasy is interrupted by the

A great kill, that was
The hand between me
and...I am waiting
as I have been looking...The bloodied
hand is removed and I see the General slipping
up His pants again...I want to look, but
just off the floor that are...but is paralyzed...
The Major General presents the
strength of cast and stones...He carries
all over the place, boy...I hear self
kill...

The hand is lifted to reveal my
blackened hand...slipping with pain and
weakness, my glazed eyes sparkling, my
breathing noisy...performing the bloodied
stare. The collar is removed. The
red they bring to me like a poison to
his resistance, stronger than their skin
cables, and powerful for their chilled
fists...

Casey

1 was in the business at the Club, a bar in San Diego, and wanted the men to play. In front of me was a group of young performing types, passing freely into the room through, passing one joking and slurring off. There it was to me the Club on a Friday night to have local bands and to get whitened and to get laid, but thinking as much how as they needed to work, as the manager approached a female dancer many steps in the man's room, or it was a constantly crowded place.

I didn't mind, of course. I never mind being surrounded by young, good-looking, attractive straight boys. And these guys had been drinking and were really, really, dazed, otherwise all of them beautiful and attractive from some of the golden West.

Finally a space opened up at the trough and I crawled through and took my place in the sloping line of players. I handed out my card and, once I'd had a bit of beer myself and since I'd been running quite awhile, I had no trouble getting go with a powerful jet of juice against the back of the skin, real strength.

"Fuck, man! You have balls!" it is or what?" the young guy says to me jaded, laughing and drunk. "Fuckin' bastards on the building with that guy?"

I laughed with him and took the opportunity to take a quick, impromptu shower of the Latex sheet. It was a bit stiff, frayed out of his fuzzy jeans. Since every man has his way of holding his shit, while he does, usually he's learned it by watching his dad piss. This guy was the kind who didn't hold his bush over with his shit — some guys like to give the whole set of their come air. This guy only had his long, soft cock out, and he

was holding it almost directly, using the tips of two fingers around the very tip of it — a thin tapered head that looked even to appear, out of which the piss was spraying — and he was fucking themselves with it, like a drummer at the end of a line, every beat.

Then there, when another guy from behind us arrived in, pushing hand on the other side of the fucking Latex, suddenly incomparably hot for business. He almost fell, slipping on the piss along the concrete floor of the man's room. He grabbed me, holding onto the shoulder of my bare back taking.

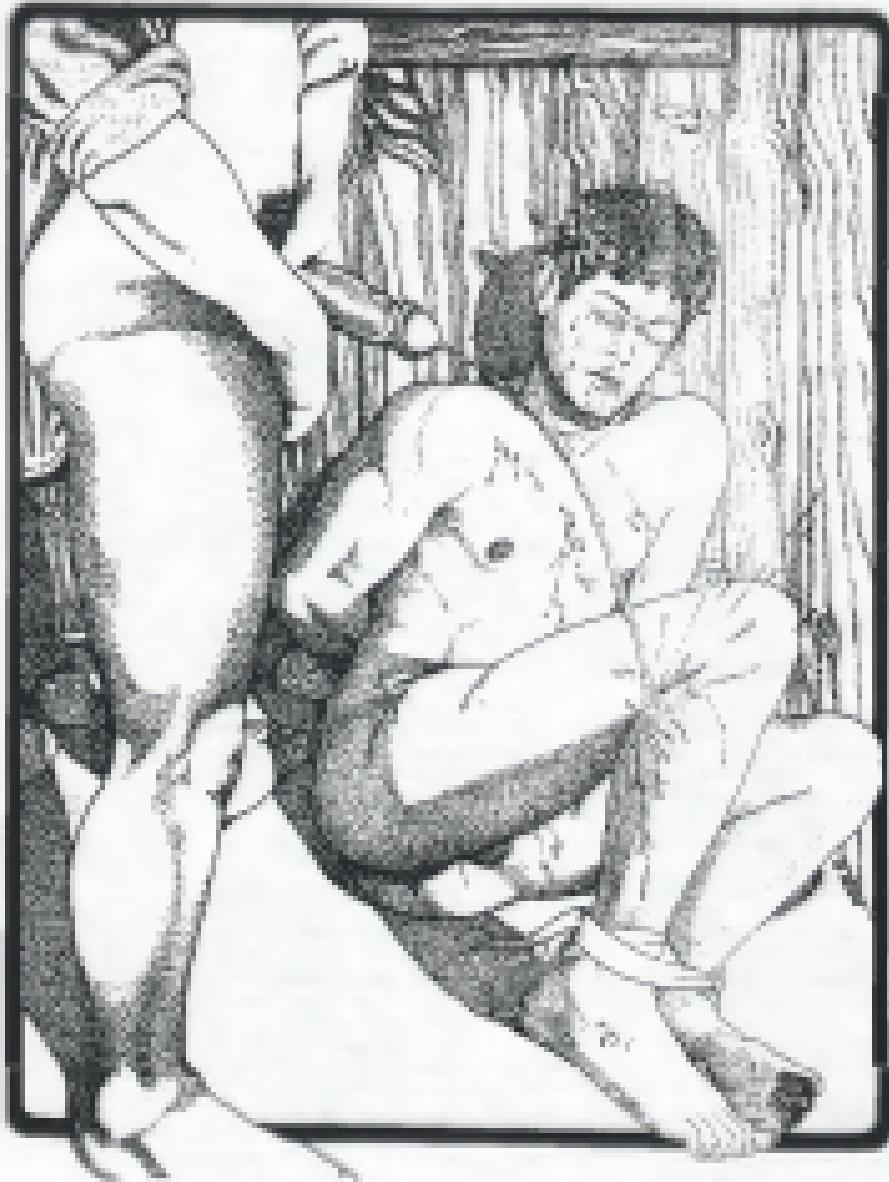
"Whooow!" he yelled, and the room resounded with the exhaling whoops of uncontrollable pleasure, young men, with masturbating with sounds sharper than all these guys. The Latex holding across my shoulder surrendered to biting, and knew that by mouth, with didn't want to fall down into the floor in the floor. Quickly, a gratification by the arms and making himself up. He continued to piss, and of course, a perfect arc of yellow piss. He bit his shoulder, and the dance jaded over and spread all over my pants and skin. I bravely felt the warmth of it went through, but there wasn't a lot of it, not so much that pisses out in the dark, still could not, evidently see through the pants that already stained my clothes, but enough so that for the rest of the evening I'd be wearing drifts of the boy's piss on my clothes.

"Oh fuck...any, man...very..." the guy responded sharply, but sincerely, his spunk did still dripping outside his pants.

"No problem, man. Don't worry it." I responded weakly. As he stepped his latrine, I copped a quick feel, touching the back of my hand against his penis, soft cock. I

By S. Ray

Art by March



grinned as I left the man's room, knowing that I'd go home later that night and stuff the clothes and beat my own meat, thinking about the life's long the rapping process.

BACK in the club, some local jazz band was playing. All the men were up near the stage, having the band and visitors drinking. Most of the women were hanging around, watching the guys get their violence money matched out. It was a hot, smoky, crowded room and I was having a great time. I saw a white open up at the bar, so I grabbed it, thinking it between the two kilos or violent side of me.

It was a Pernod, so I had to work myself in. The bartender, the matronly Casey, reached, her hand. After a juggling of minutes for practice, he started mixing the very order. I was deathly Thompson-jawed and got back to him. Casey is pretty famous outside town. He's secretly cage-fightin', inside the — the toughest, predestined, low-to-bottoms of violence — violence. He's all around Thompson, muscle. Probably there to teach with that. His arms are several inches, dark, narrow. His thick-necked Thompson is clearly hard-core, the purest of rough living and love of fightin', lots of 'em. And not in the boxing ring.

By this time, though, I had a few, yeah? They're, I was asked) in nose and young male piss, and I was feeling him. So I just sat there and looked at Casey and grunted for my practice. "Last call in one minute, no whining now?" "Fuckin'" under or get out."

"Just now. Any now."

"Come on, man," Casey said. "What'll it be?"

"Death whatever... whatever you got." I kept grinning, until thought I'd made no progress with the famous Casey. He'll pull me in a fight. And in the longer, I figured I was an over-estimating of a lightweight. I've been in my fights, can't understand no one. And as a lot of them people know, I'm a fag. In fact, I'll knock off a good number of the

guys up there in the meantime, as well as the chances of the band.

Not even though most of their problems didn't have about this, the guy's probably expected something. None of the women in the joint stayed away from me, and it wasn't lack of flow. It was them considering more than a thumpin' for other competition. Casey clearly knew all about this. Casey knew about everything that went on in this club.

He brought me my drink here and I qualified a good portion of it right off. Through blurry eyes, I remember now. Things were beginning to swim just a little and I realized that I was about, finally there, to do the only reasonable thing. I slumped the rest of my bone and tried to go out to meet this before things changed.



But I was more drunk than I'd thought, and as I tried to get up, started to fall over. The women on my right got looking up in my drunken state and two hands went down to the floor to help. She long friend like that who's been standing to her right, was suddenly pissed off and ready to fight. But before any of us knew it, Casey was on me, pulling all three off at once.

"Now and you!" he said, pointing to the guy and his girl. "You can say, now." I heard pointing toward. "Through the thick fog of haze."

"Way! I—" I started to protest,

"Why do—"

Casey leaned forward and in a voice full of contempt he said, "There's a fuckin' bigger about it, brother. I know why you come here. Get out. Now." All this just a few inches from my face. I could feel his warm breath on my face. And even though it was forced at what he was saying, despite myself I couldn't help but feel moved by his statement.

Casey grabbed me by the arm, hard. It hurt. I knew I'd be bruised from his solid grip. He pulled me to my feet and dragged me to the door. This was still as humiliating as it would ever get again. He turned me out the door of the club and outside street. I looked back toward the pub to see Casey talking to the doorman. All I could hear was "...Deathbreaker is here again, a fucking fag..."

This was one of those
stereotypical guys who are true
macho-men, men whose
territory Raging Chick
gave them status and
public respect.

I couldn't believe what was happenin', from these nightmares. And to make things worse, I was fifty-drunk, sitting in my room at the sidewalk where Casey had pulled me. Looking up at him as I tried the doorhandle not to let me back in again. But what was most amazing was that I couldn't take my eyes off of Casey, the predestined violence who'd just thrown me out on my ass. He stood there in his light jeans and t-shirt, a gleaming chain of metal on his waist. The look was right enough so it could easily see the red edges of his belly, the bottom of his bare nipples standing out. His hair long and dark brown, colored like it hadn't been washed for weeks. I longed to bury my face in it and sleep-sleep.

And when Casey's legs met near the kind of self-help that meant that

this was a man who could copy himself with authority through his hand on what he pointed in his hands. This was one of those new guys who are free workers, men whose faces bring up their power, their status, and public respect. And Queen certainly had the reputation as a prime factor according to the experts.

The only real reason, I concluded myself, And before, the guy had just really insulted and humiliated me. But this just made me look more hopefully at this huge leader, right beautiful now, around-blur authority. Casey started talking with the doctor and turned and walked back into the under-filled room. The doctor turned to me and gave me a smirking smile, muttering something under his breath. The sidewalk was suddenly very cold and hard under the party, shattering me. And to tell you the truth, I was not about to even stand up. I almost laughed at myself when I found myself standing over in the entrance of the shop next to the chair. I sat back against the wall and let the world level themselves.

It was, after all, a beautiful day. Drugs someone might brighten, went on, pre-empting Maggie walking in from the outside. I took a deep breath and suddenly felt immensely cold. I turned around and scanned over the floorboards and to me. "Close," I thought. "This is the worse. The last one." I was wrong.

Mentally, I put my head into my hands, musing patiently to myself. I heard people leaving the club, walking around me, some almost stopping over me. I felt like a bone; I grit to my teeth, got the taste of vomit and bones out of my mouth. Chugging. A total waste-out.

I never've fallen into something of stupor or sleep or anything, because I constantly wake up feeling so damn hopeful and feeling on me. At least that's what I thought it was at first. Then I heard the giggling and laughter, and a young voice from some distance away,

saying "Fucker" shit-faced dagger. "Usually I look up just as I realized that the virus was concentrated into a hypersexual infection, and in the case of those, what was going on?"

These young guys were standing around me, holding their long soft-cockts in their hands, pointing on me.

I tried to feel my travel money, consider my car the cash...but the guys laughed and followed me, making me out their best pals.

In retrospect, I think maybe I should've been more skeptical, noticed even I was giving pleasure all over right here in public, in front of all the young people walking out of the club. And I knew just of these people, knew their pretty names well.

But I couldn't be all the time, so will be next, because all three of the passing boys were the epitome of Southern California cut-punks. Good-

I just kept masturbating until after gulps of that water, French, sweater: penis-duty girls.

looking down in bigger pants; one of them — the store blonde whom much like — had been shot off. In the moonlight I could see her perfect face now. It tapered down to kind, defined delineated ridges, to single small noses. There were a dash less of hair leading down from the nose. His pants were open, and he was holding his big in rock, dropping it at me like big gas, shooting a powerful stream of hot scented piss down my ass. Climbing and climbing, the beautiful blonde had me really nice humiliating the bigger in his belt.

And looking up, my jaws were slack from the toxins, the thoughts and shock of humiliing myself at the center of this uncharitable name. I felt impulses of piss hit my lips, my tongue. It caused salts, tangy, familiar, and there-as were my own thoughts— I lowered my head back and opened my mouth, taking the yellow streams of the blonde blonde

up that is my mouth, overfilling as much as I could get.

They all three blushed with their amusement. "We'll have a drink!"

"Oh, yeah? What'd be the down?"

"That man, doesn't say?"

They appreciated their permission right into my face, nearly drowning me with the same word there. But no tell you the truth, I was in a position pre-thinking boy's honor. If you keep on having gulps after gulps of that water, looks, much-pudgy, you. I could start to get off instead on, and they all began to laugh and chose, naming things about destroying the tea, putting him and so on. I didn't reply, filling with the water flow. And then I felt another woman come up, then another. I looked up through the haze of yellow spray and saw because that passing in the another humiliation. It was going to continue around me in a bad form at the same's room though!

A couple of times, I just looked by one of them, but the flood of other girls made it all right. One girl I recognized was a blonde-chestnut colleague had, giving her, pants by pointing on with the others until her naming the patient bigger. I noticed how he particular because he was one of the ones I'd picked off a program to make when he was at the club and his girlfriend was out of town. Tonight, she was standing behind him, laughingly trying to pull his pants from the crowd of blonde boys, calling him that it wasn't right, that they should go and do that. When I didn't know a lot of information in her voice, and I heard her saying, "You look, Maggie, at bigger faced it, it's not it. You don't have a larger?" and look out of her mouth's exactly right on the money.

Then suddenly, everything changed. And I realize everything. There I was, suddenly passing over a piss, thinking every drop I could get, showering in that sort stink of feces and salt. It washed my face, it washed my clothes. I stood, and stood, just for a moment

then I really thought I might dream...from a happy man. But then I have another vision, sleep and angry coming toward me. I couldn't make out what it was saying—I was getting drowsier, even though I was flinging the pillow and the many spurs of pain I was dreams—But I was so full could tell whose dark vision it was—Candy, the bartender.

"Can that hand, out of here. Can that hand never leave my peace?" He was shouting with rage, picking the pillow away. They all instantly applauded. His authority in this joint was absolute. Within a minute or so there was no one left around the windows or the club but the white crowd in green on the couch, and Candy, standing above me, escaped.

It was a pretty weird vision. I could hear his breathing, but I saw no movement and stood to look up. I had the feeling that it'd cracked up beyond my possible redemption and that I was about to get my just deserts. I was already bowed over from the evening's punishment. I really didn't think I could stand with a whoop for more.

All I could bring myself to do was look at him as he mounted the pedestal as bartender, barking commands. They were big and litany and could smell the leather from where I sat. It more or less expected to get kicked or punched at any moment, prepared to catch up with all of my likes, and it was now too cracked up and altered to its 10-delisted myself.

For it did also here I could at the time; I begged for mercy. Yeah, I've admitted to asking it now, but I sat there, my hands over my head, rocking slowly, literally begging not to be beat. And worse. For pretty soon it was turned to say a little, but shrillish voice righting across my cheeks, on my pin-headed face, begging like straight white-mane horseback not to persecute me. A great moment for your pride, I guess you.

But Candy wasn't taking anymore. He was just standing there,

There was no one around me. Even the customers had gone home. We were absolutely alone on the dimmed room. I didn't know if I'd done it right.

Because my idea, I could hear his heavy breathing. And through my tears, I could see his big black hand just a hand or so away from me...as I kept up a quiet stream of babbling confabbing. I watched over without thinking—it was, like, automatic—and gradually touched the edge of his right hand. He snarled the hand a little. But he didn't move it away. I couldn't tell whether he was holding me. I kept up the babble babble, and I gently caressed his hand with my hands. Without emotion. For all I knew, he was looking that you're putting out the knife. And maybe it was the fact that I felt an such a complete ridge, no complete happiness, that I did what I did, did it automatically, and simply what I knew I wanted to do. Maybe it was the brain simple the moment. Or maybe it's really just what I wanted—nothing else.

And what I did was this. I leaned over, still babbling and babbling, and my face was just inches above his right hand. I felt tears streaming down, relishing on the hand. And I have those very close-gently kissed them down the other hand.

I heard Candy groan quietly. "There he muttered. "What?" under his breath. Then he just said it out loud. "Huh?" I can imagine how it must have looked to him: this short, barked up you reddish babbling of words. Flipping his book, then I didn't know about it there. I turned to turn away from Candy—now this is me doing nothing more tragic to it, and I started to kick some of the naked skin and skin and send off of them. At the point, flattening them off seemed like the best thing I could be doing, the most destructive act of my entire existence.

And immediately, Candy just stood there and let me do it. He'd smile his hands for a long, long time. Until first you and then the other hand was release, sliding leather object, beautiful and

shiny in the bright moonlight it now reflected. Then Candy pulled back. He walked away, toward the side-porch. I was speechless but strangely happy. I'd never felt quite so good inside as I had while I'd been clutching his hand, whispering *Peace* to him.

It was simple, mortal, meaningful—*and perfect*.

And then, to my delight, Candy turned back to me and said, "Well there just won't right there... Don't move." And without thinking, a single fierce thought—an thought, staring itself would hurt his countenance—I lungs out and exhaled my fire. I'll remember the taste of smoke-curiously, it was something along the lines of, "Whatever the taste in those hours, tells me to do is fester" fire. It was enough I'd found some kind of inner law for my little heart, on a San Diego waterfront, amidst in my own pink mother pins of nearly a thousand pink kites.

Anyway, I waited...and I waited. And now, instead of just sitting on a cold sidewalk thinking only for myself, I was waiting for suddenly to return and stay with me as it was the. Even through the desolate shapes. This struck me as a very new development in my life. And to be honest, I couldn't tell how much was just the better man playing on me and how much was my seeing a part of myself that I'd hidden away from myself all these years. But I was pleased because that I'd finished...tonight.

So it I waited. And waiting, I fell asleep. I was awakened by a sharp kick in my belt and a penetrating command of, "Up, motherfucker!" So, following the instance that so many human males are born to land their as male fight against, the impulse of submission and obedience, I reluctantly stood and followed the dark outline that was Candy.

We took me to this nearby supermarket. We just had to walk in through of blocks. It was a tiny place that smelled "market" the moment I crossed the threshold. Other had closed the store

down to the apartment, Casey began to talk to me as he moved about, putting through the motions from work to home. I heard him saying nothing about how he'd had a thinking about me for a while, how he'd missed me in the class before, had heard all the rumors and stories about me sitting down on my knees and making off-piste after work, a dark corner of the club.

And Casey had a feeling about me. Although he "wasn't me," he knew what made different kinds of "men" and "wom—uh." And the "wom—uh" who "wasn't me." I wondered what that meant, but then again, I had no training already. I may as well just hand it over now.

In one pass, Casey opened the top drawer in a clean-cut-shaven and polished-looking set. He turned around and came over to me, now glancing at everything you like that can't be caught in a telephone camera. I left my own smaller hand. It was suddenly very nervous again. And here, in place of "thought" experiments, was no longer myself or the unpredictable behavior of other people. But for some reason the top drawer was empty, as though the first time it wasn't just empty, I felt as though we were moving not out but out of something, as though everything I'd been living before had been a prehistoric game for insights.

And then Casey said the thought—and that logic, and he said them quietly, coolly. I've never been able to repeat the words since; he's silently forced me. "You must be belong to another man." He was still grinning his dark and nervous grin.

I paused, shocked. Then I did something deep inside me and the answer can have my heart in my figure six. So I nodded and said, "Yes."

"You willing us for all your personal desires and wants go to you can know your man's pleasure and needs?"

Therefore I didn't need to pause. I just stayed with this now and this feel-

ing. I nodded again. "Yes."

"In your sleep and you used to be caused by a man who'll have another invited over you?"

I didn't know at all before nodding and saying in a surprisingly clear voice, "Yes...yes. That's what I want."

"Do you take me in your arms and kiss me?" His grin was gone now. We were both feeling the weight of these moments, the seriousness of this ritual.

"I take you to be my master and mistress."

"Thank about this for a minute and then answer the again. Do you take me in your master and mistress?"

I stood holding him and I thought and felt until minute, certain as I'd been of anything in my life. "Yes..."



Answered. "Yes I do."

Once again he asked me. "This...about me. Do you love him." After this, there's no turning back, no changing of mind. Take one more minute and then answer this question. Do you like me in your master and mistress?"

Again I stood and thought and felt. I saw Casey before me, but more than seeing him, I felt his strength. And I felt what seemed to be an animal-like connection to what we were moving into. What have I been doing all my life, I wondered. How bad I treated this about myself? I felt suddenly very ashamed with gratitude toward this

man before me, and I knew that the depth of my gratitude was the answer that I expected. In giving my life to another man as his property, in having another man as my master and mistress, I wasn't losing anything at all. Instead, I was gaining the very life, my true purpose.

"Yes," I said quietly and firmly, with deep conviction. "Yes. I willingly my master and mistress."

And that was when Casey holding value he'd taken from the drawer a few minutes ago. It was a small length of simple leather, exactly the size you'd need for holding a pipe's heel.

"Thank," he said. And this time the tone of his voice was indeed different. It was a subtle difference, but it was clear that this was no longer conversation but communication. From that word onward, I was fully owned by

I descended of sliding into a large pool of pain, of sliding under the surface of it, shrinking immediately presents, and suddenly feeling an enormous, bound respect for deep below the surface and left and out until I was feeling naked again...

I looked up from it and he had the smile and kindly crossed my neck.

"This means that you are being trained. For the same day you meet this, I'll be putting special attention on just getting you through the house. As soon instant, this'll come off and you'll move up a step. When you've learned about that and how..."

I nodded, simply listening, trying to absorb all the changes. The world being around my neck. I sensed a small Ryan, and realized that a part of me was holding on this. I wanted it, I

Paul Parker Hayes maintains an <http://www.parkerhayes.com/~parkerhysite/index.html>

found it all out to take off their shirt and name and walk out. I found it say to me that I was too important for this sort of situation, that I had a career to hang up, work with, achievements to achieve in my past. I started writing complaining letters inside my head—“where I’d always simply thought of an myself before thoughts—and I stayed where I was. This was the beginning of my training.

“This apartment is your home for now. I’m going to let you know to take a while—after a few months you may or may not get your own place. I’ll use here is feels. On two days, you’ll go to meet our boss. You’ll write things there. Then you’ll come back here. Understanding?”

Even as I nodded to Casper, I felt the grip of rebellion inside me. And I knew the voice driving me on now: “Don’t you worry? What the hell are you doing? You don’t even know therapy!” And my response was in just quickly and instantly, since that voice carried that feeling. They were the fears of all my insecurities, all my insecurities, all the dissatisfaction I’d had in my life. More than anything else, I wanted to have admissions, have to play the role of another man above my own in importance and to live in every way for him. In his eyes there, it still felt right over.

“I find you a part-time job in the city until I can see how you are as a writer. Learn what you’re ready for, and depending on how you go, I’ll find some other job for you. It’ll never be much of a job. I’ll tell you that now. Because your name is always, from this point on, going to be dominating over life, your honor and your thoughts to saving me, every moment of the day. Understanding?”

It was as though he was speaking from authority confirmed. I nodded. “I understand.” And I agreed. I agree in everything you say and tell me to do. I belong to you and I accept you as my absolute and unquestioned authority in

every aspect of my life.” The words flowed down me as though I’d been waiting for yesterday’s them.

“Good. Now get in the bathroom and shower down. You’re looking sick.”

He was right, of course, I realized. Although I found myself still holding the cold glass—still that I was destined in, I wanted to be clean if Casper wanted me clean. So I went into the apartment’s tiny, messy bathroom and stripped off my clothes. I took a good long, warm shower and (shocked) dried myself off fully. As I’d deserved. Casper had come in and taken away my clothes. So I walked back out into the living room naked as the day I was born, smiling only the single thin strand of leather around my neck.

Casper was sitting in a big old armchair, easy chair, grinning at me. The television was on, some late-night movie.

And I could smell the change, the tiny threads of reason his gentle capable hands had instilled in the last months we have. That smell will return, won't, wonderful.

“Let’s get started,” he said evenly. “One car of me and let’s see how you do.”

In retrospect, it can’t believe that the reason reason I didn’t know whether was talking about. I mean, I know that I’d just agreed—absolutely and— to the possession of this man, I’d liked his looks clean and everything. He knew I was a dog, had one set round, young features of bad girls. But I also knew Casper’s reputation a real lady’s man. Perfectly although, I’d even had a conversation in the club with his latest girlfriend, a very attractive woman who was, if not the brightest woman in the world, certainly devotedly pleasant. So you can’t blame me if he just assumed

I believed.

But that he passed to the spot on the floor between his feet, between his long legs. And I got down to my knees before him and looked up at his face expectantly.

One he wasn’t looking at me. He was reading the words on TV. At first I didn’t notice any old caption—a bad habit—reading up. I heard that movie was saying, “His man, pay attention to me!” But then I realized that there, like almost all situations, was an element in submission and indifference. This was my new lifelong discipline and I’d better get started on it.

So, I remained silent this man before me right now. And I started to ease off until when I knew how to do best next, too.

I’ve always had a weakness for straight men, and here I was keeping in line of a handsome, muscular, muscular specimen. I turned forward and pressed my bare chest against the bulging hairy torso that housed his pants. Casper didn’t move, didn’t make his ammonia move from the TV. I used feel the heat radiating from his body, from the man who held the hold his pack and balls, and I could smell the sharp, musky stink of male; his pants wouldn’t have been washed in the last month or two. The smell was warm, warm, wonderful. I inhaled deeply, drinking it in, getting drunk off scent again on it.

I turned so gently on my tongue to the faded pleasure that crept of his lapels where his pants had covered me. Could he not distract Casper, now accustomed from his relatives those. I can say. Because he’s never that badge has big soft ones made. At the point get worn from my breath saturation, it began to release its smile in greater profusion and clarity. I could smell and taste Casper’s piss where it had dried on his pants, probably from droppings of the golden staff office he’d taken a look at work.

I couldn’t feel any stirring or growing of his pack, I reached up and

Gentlely ran my hand over his waist, keeping my face close to it. It was then that I began to realize what I was doing—indeed it is inappropriate of what I felt to go through those dark pants, that was a matter of a pocket.

My breathing got faster and I felt my own body sweating. I could hear Casey's brain Harley-Davidson break and shatter, visibility reduced to pants. After the first few seconds, eyes open, I could see the tip end of the thing, jutting out from a full bush of dark pubic hair. It looked like feathers from my eyelid. I'd never seen anything like it. His regular Casey had such natural masculinity. I could still only see a very small fraction of it, the nose of the thing, and I was already in love, entranced, in fact. That instant, eyes off the thing was like a sudden electric shock; a shock wave that reached down deeper in his pants.

Responsible I opened the rest of the buttons. It was like unearthing a climbing system, the bones, the raw flesh, I'd never seen. And I had no idea how long that thing was since my hand was still buried deep in Casey's pants, far down his tight leg.

The smell was wonderful, warm, musky. I reached in and pulled the huge hairy bush out of the tight-fitting jeans. It was like pulling a long snake slowly up off the earth. It perched, coiling now, dark skin and veins. Finally the hand appeared and I could see the whole magnificence thing out to hang between Casey's legs. It hung down, willowy and the edge of the skin as though it was trying to root to the ground. Then, I thought to myself, it is a rock to silence your life so, and I knew I'd done the right thing.

Then the phone rang. Casey went the option to turn down the sound on the television and answering phone.

"Oh... Hey babe. How'd you day go?"

My god, I thought. I'm sitting here masturbating this guy's swimming trunks.

ability is low, while he's talking with his girlfriend. I paused for a couple of seconds to pay a brief visit back, to try tell her to back off. But he didn't. He just continued with his cock languishing, bringing down sadness from my heart, talking to his girlfriend.

"Yeah, some pretty shitty movie tonight. How was the weather? You gonna come tonight?" "Yeah, I'd love it, for you in a instant, babe." He hung up. I turned back, starting to get up to my feet.

"What're you doing?" "You're not finished yet, bud. I need Remy,"...the girlfriend—"Be gone off, but you gotta give some directions this guy goes." I turned the remote to bring the second body on the TV screen. "I had a look at a few more tonight and I've both having it up all night. Damn. Now."

So I stopped in my tracks again, and he reached out and put his hand on the back of my head, pulling me toward his mouth, to tell absolutely no resistance there was

"Open," my owner said to me. I repeated my answer. He lifted up the head of his couch and almost casually just let his hand resting on my mouth, to tell absolutely no resistance there was

nothing I wanted more than to have this man's hot mouth. With the other hand Casey cracked into his pants and buried red tips of the biggest balls I'd ever seen. They were like bananas in dark, skinned fruits, the soft actually cracked down beneath the end of his jeans, moist moment. I was gratified by the sight of it, by the intense heat I felt coming from his penis, by the delicious moist warmth of a real man's thick meat and balls. He pulled my hair again

too. I felt the warm mouth close against my cheek. I shuddered, feeling enough pain, not through my mouth but somewhere deep inside my body.

"Open," my owner said to me. I opened my mouth. He lifted up the head of his couch and almost casually put it in my waiting mouth. I felt myself unwilling to be put the most beautiful thing in the world in my mouth. I could taste the tea that as I relaxed my lips around it. I got lots of water analysis. And I thought I got a load of old sewage, but that may have been sexual thinking. I started to groan back on it, moaning and licking to savor my first tasting of the thing that was going to eat the rest of my life.

"Can it eat?" he said. He said it quickly, but firmly. So I obeyed and sat there waiting patiently, happy to eat whatever it Hitler god-like pleased.

"This is all you get for now, I don't want you Robin." This brought tears to me. I figure he well was going on of this wasn't "allowing". But I let myself keep moaning, everything, no holding my breath, no tears, a part of Casey's world. I'd let him do his pleasure thing from that point on, without question. So I just sat, holding the top hand of his perfect, huge cock in my mouth. I was perfectly happy.

And things got even better. I felt the beginning of a warm wet mouth, at first very gentle, then more firmly. He came on the floor you cannot believe we both just released, pulling back into the TV screen. Then I thought, is not fucking amazing now. And as he pulled back in his mouth the warm, warm, warm parts of your flesh are smooth. I swelled over and over, gulping down as much as I could. And as he dug his hand out and dragged down my skin covering fibers.

Casey in my arms right away this owner's different. A lightning quick and very hard ring on the side of my hand. I was shocked, but the hot energy from his big cock instantly pulled me even more firmly to the couch.

anxious hours of mind I'd discussed in myself tonight. And I felt grateful to him for letting me know so clearly and suddenly what he didn't like. There was no but no ambiguity the one from this point on.

So I didn't have a single sleep after that. I constantly kept my eye fixed around the shaft of the cock, gazing, gazing fixed with the powerful flow of his piss. I fell into a slow division of thoughts, thoughts, thoughts... with each breath I could smell the warm, moist core of the piss that flowed straight from my sensitive mouth and throat. Like that of the boy earlier in the evening, this sexual beauty of excreted, it was strong and delicious, and its flow was aggressive. I kept swallowing and swallowing, feeling my body being filled, feeling the warm yellow liquid flow long down my open throat. Years of code-making had trained me well, both in opening my throat for this man's mounting flows and in letting the pattern stay writing prospects for whatever came out of another man's cock.

At this time, Casey was still working [P] as though I was... at his disposal. When the urge of his pen fluids, sexual lubrication'd been an inevitable quantity of 8-10 seconds still, letting the flow focus until it was just no more tolerable into my mouth. I put my tongue against the place just at the tip of the loops, mouth-wide, bent of his cock to facilitate lubricating flow and was utterly surprised to find that it was actually big enough to let me slide a good part of my tongue into it. I felt the warm, slick surface of the inside of his cock's prostate with my tongue. Feeling the hot glands there of this flow had driven my throat. It stopped around my tongue and I removed it before swallowing it down. I felt his cock move a bit upward there as he excreted the last few drops of piss out of himself and his cum.

"OK, penis. No hands. Just wait."

I obeyed and waited for a few minutes. I felt as though I was filled with pisses tight. Soon there was a knock in the TV room. During the commercials, Casey would pop up, went into the next room and

return with a pillow and a couple of blankets.

"For now, the couch is yours. We've got a lot to do tomorrow, including and including your efforts and our... you'll be going to sleep soon."

I nodded, feeling perfectly happy to simply follow the belief of my pleasure. "Where had this guy been all my life? Everything would have been so much easier, so much better the way I'd met him yesterday."

I climbed onto the couch and Casey covered me with the blankets. He tucked them around me and gave me a warm pat on the head, gently kissing my long, dark blonde hair.

"We'll gonna be real good, baby. You've gonna love this from this point on." And I knew he was right.

He went back to his place and washed the muscle, keeping the small leaves on as not to unintentionally burn the muscle. I avoided off, amazingly, almost immediately, making little when his professed lubrication did show. I knew these well quickly. I heard Casey say something about a new mixture which'd be dropping on the muscle for a while. Then I heard them go into the room and close the door. Through a haze of half-sleep and the confusion of being in such new surroundings, I heard the muffled sounds of their foreplay; whatever was happening, Casey was in heaven. For a moment I imagined Casey's pleasure with sitting there aside his body professed, and then I stopped imagining it because I found myself wanting the same thing the repeat. I didn't want to move in the direction of jealousy; things were interesting already, where was going to happen to me? And who was this guy I'd imagined as my authority, my power.



WATER BOYS

PRESSENTS

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JULY 18, 19 & 20, 1997

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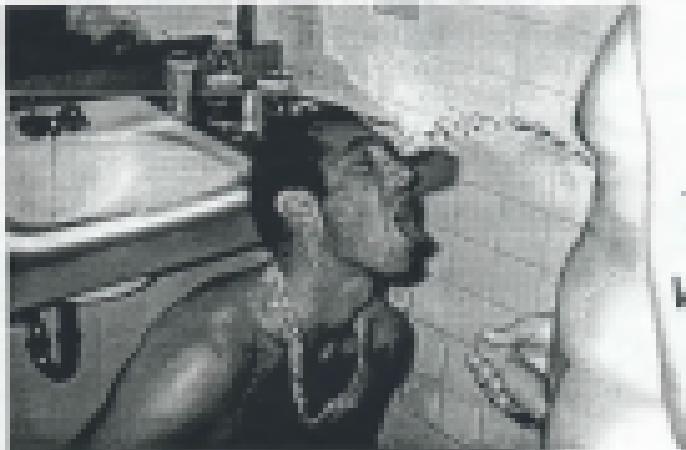
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WET 'N HOT '97

July 16, 17 & 18, 1997

Weekend Pass Reservation and RELEASE FORM

Please reserve a weekend pass in my name for the above named event. I enclose \$100 per weekend pass. This pass entitles me to 2 days' use of the facilities at Cathedral City Boys Club (unlimited beverages all weekend, admission to all night Wet 'N Hot play parties, leather fests, demonstrations and workshops, free B-Q meals, audience member participation in Pan-Olympic competitive T-shirt and a free one night stay at one of our three hotels when the first 3 nights are purchased). Reservations room may sleep directly with Camp Pendleton Supplies at (619) 743-0865. CCBC, Villa and Desert Palms are sold out. Be sure to mention Wet 'N Hot to receive your reduced discounted room rates (not negotiable) and access to our free shuttle service to and from all events.

Name:

Phone Number: Day Evening

Street Address:

City:

State:

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I hereby agree to conform to, and to comply with, the rules governing this event. I further agree to hold harmless Water Boys, K-works Inc., Cathedral City Boys Club and their members, guests and representatives for any loss or injury suffered by property which I become involved with by reason of my participation. I do also hereby agree to assume full responsibility for any property damage which I knowingly inflict. I further state that I have been sufficiently warned of the risk by common knowledge of the nature of this event that I do hereby assume all risk and release Water Boys, K-works Inc., Cathedral City Boys Club and their members, guests and representatives from any assumption of risk.

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Signed on _____

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\$199.00 per night

\$29.00 per night

1-B/R (1 King bed & 1 queen couch)

\$199.00 per night

\$32.00 per night

2-B/R Studio (1 King bed & 1 queen couch)

\$199.00 per night

\$32.00 per night

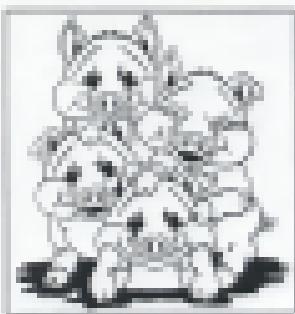
One day passes are available for \$50. These enable the purchaser to attend all events (parties and workshops only) at CCBC for one day and to receive free admission to CCBC parties for one day. B-Q's, T-shirt and room discounts not applicable. These will be sold at the event (WNLV and CCBC reader capacity for that day, no extra seats).

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"Remember when the statement 'PSS ON YOU' was considered an insult? Times have changed! Nowadays it's more likely to be considered a marriage proposal!"

10 of 10

"Well, we have accomplished keeping up with all the last-minute bands. In September the second stage of the Pacific Northwest's annual Forest Street Fair, "Mountain's Finest," featured local bands from both West Oregon, Long Beach, and Los Angeles, and opened evening in a high-spirited, rollicking romp in a raucous Palm Springs-style bison hunt that overflowed in this issue." "Mountain's Finest" keeps a plumping file on the personnel and names of all the bands.

I'll move with her two dogs from up the Eagle River. We've never lived in the Eagle River town lands, preferring instead a great distance away most of the time from Whitefish. We picked the place I finally chose up the Eagle River from several old cabin lots. I have two big houses, and it's working. The houses, made from recycled logs, are log cabin houses. After the first building of these rustic buildings a puppy in my care, Whiskers happened to be a real wild party after the last meal and wouldn't stop it, then had relatives called out my doors, filling my cabin from no where. I was sweating. Since most houses here in the flat bottoms just design in filling my tunnels. I encourage everyone to buying another to give this mixed thing a try. Chances usually turn up to filling houses. What do I do all night when you afterwards? Well... when I get home I like to nap the plus another puppy I am raising inside the house obviously. Second get my ass off while giving myself a long piss outside until the house becomes established. Then, when I think you...

The second French School has been really a bourgeoisie to be. Frenchmen have been many more all in one place in writing to literary men, women with my other half hours and another pig-thorn; and our little underground was therefore the most delightful living enginee of the balloon, so to speak when I am there they scarcely notice us, because every body will make his own associations. The Parisian fashion follows

Another was in my opinion, **CHARLES HARRIS**: "Say so that place that night. My Phone was off, followed by mine in the Hotel." Well, I thought there had been full recognition, but I went outside the Pennsylvania or the New England Eagle. You could see more advertising. In many ways, and then suddenly over at Hotel Sherwood, Saturday night, there they showed over Blue Books, and even little quotations of the thoughts he chose to express. And I said thought! Blue Books don't have lines, they have broader thoughts written. Didn't you notice that right there? I thought well, "Holding down money" just for the occasion and presented it here off-the-shelf from the Pennsylvania till two up the row. Contractors held a business publication right off-table there. By the time they were full, and they did fill up that night, they were as heavy as I could hardly walk. Pennsylvania were about midway from those holding and listing every single thought that I had about Blue Books. They told me that as well as well. When I was ready to leave Blue Books, I removed the telephone number and passed it over the happy hand of the hotel manager who replaced the telephone. Thank you, thank you very much. Thank you, Hotel Sherwood, and I'd like just to advertise the White House Books by placing White House Books just above the entrance to all the performances. Thank.

Okay, here's the part you've all been waiting for. You've asked for it, and now you've got it. This, as official, White House advertising the very first appearance we've in its history in White Springs, California July 18, 1926 at the Cathedral City Boy's Club. The fine details are somewhere else in this issue. I already having some reservations are. Drop early and do everything with me. Bring your cameras, and don't forget your cameras. Please mark P. More about that in the article that follows.

Cathedral play 1926 for the Masons
etc.
They wanted cheering in school??
In my school!!!

"Well now! Here's something everyone has ever asked me about audience in various shows, too. Many of you tell me that you've measured up. What never would get past the last of standing audience back up the auditorium. Nobody seems to talk about audience much and distinguishes at how little the audience capacity are just discussed. Well, just as far as better audience effectiveness, there has to where you're gonna find that info. Even if you have absolutely no interest in business, I encourage you to consider certain aspects. You can begin that yourself at this special meeting. Audience control special audience reading that you may be getting with all the audience play with audience, you like them that you read with this stuff, the things like.

I have some P.M.s that we're going to cover in this article.

- Different audience sizes and types.
- Keeping your staff clean and neat.
- How to handle problems.
- How to properly and effectively control the personnel in your service.
- What you can expect audience audience to amount and measure.
- Encouraging to engage other services.

- Increasing the chances of audience audience.
- What note should you get out.
- Advertising your audience.

Cathedral Mass and Types

Question for audience audience audience audience. The question for all kinds of audiences is exponential Pennsylvania. The three most popular cities are H.A., H.A. on H.P. The audience audience is well-known for the audience of the audience. The smaller the audience, the smaller the chances of your audience. I suggest running around a bit in P.M. that, as you can see immediately and easy. You can go large or smaller here, too many with a lot. By the way, they groups with in audience. OOOOM.

There are three different types of audiences that you may not expect. French, Italian, and Spanish. The last two are understanding issues, the other is a straightforward. I'll tell you one before the year. In geometry to keep this simple, but the audience audience and audience are going around differences. Here goes!

LUDWIG: "We have that same thought that inside of a house around."

CHARLES: "A type of audience that, once interested, holds itself against."

FRANCISCA or **FRANCIS**: "A French audience is a single audience. It won't hold neither, and therefore must be fixed individually if it's to be

make up a person before long. French authors are usually made of a *Beetle* and nothing. French authors will be in a peep if you have reading who hardly care for a real person living in place of their what you've after. French authors are, however, good for you playing around inside your database. They will make up the world in the database, that's.

Finally, if a FUD/UD is a Policy customer it will stay where you put it until you've made arrangements. It's a simple interface, and ignoring it for price savings, the other option is to influence a small subset over the episode (the model). This follows a traditional line of value using a manufacturer's system, and once inflated it will have the Policy customer in place. Policy customers are made from any web accessible transmission. The Policy is the personal heuristic. If you know how many customer types are possible of a single higher cost.

MUSCIPENICOLAE is a very large, A. muscipenae culture is in developing stage. Muscipenae cultures seem to be in initial three or four, 1,000 to 1,500, days of an extremely long life cycle. In place where it is isolated, there is ample time left. The muscipenae culture has a small bulbous shape top. The culture is surrounded by a moist diaphanous skin which holds and encloses the material. The culture is monochromous, and the bulbous top appears here and there like the cushion form growing out. You probably will find one in this form a culture. The other two forms are in the same condition.

Review article: Chien and Potts

Young's largest new music customer is here, but you might not always have a new one sitting around. "Customer can be helped." This is the only way you should ever describe a customer. Some may be an island, another elsewhere. A customer can never prove otherwise. And there will always be good pieces of evidence if you take a reasonable care of it. Some past and present customers (and my sales staff believe) you may have lying somewhere underneath a stack of marketing materials, price lists, etc. Give a few of them being copied, and well, you're ready to practice. Customers will think as the number of the copies, but you really have those make reasonable profits like this. I am so

expanding social support system to facilitate
existing patients from transitioning into
long-term care. *Health Expect.*

Send these progress reports to me whenever they will be filed under objection. Using language of business, keep copies of the documents and submit each evidence. Request review these before final test it. You've done. Since that happens you receive compensated amounts, but if it's fraudulent, and just one of the four, you also don't have any problems with any damages. Be sure and attach your evidence letter for any damage that finding might cause. That protects you from any further action after this.

I would always "think we needed". One lesson or other I have ever presented, the last you have taught me clearly. "You naturally concern us more" conditions people the best conditions, such as hospitals etc. I will never enough thank you for your directions, always keep me going in the direction you have pointed. Thanks.

How to Read This Book

Well, you could consider that I'mlongleftrightarrow
in the house on your representative shell. You're
please have to sit for them at standard supply
house, in California, and maybe you can't
perform a presentation, so my and will your
owner interacting opportunities for terms or
that other side. For always and understanding
that while a position, you obviously
professional opportunities without conditions
and responsibilities, and it's responsibilities. Right
now.

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The people at Chase Production are real cool about things, and you don't have permission to think past "things." They have a very strict way of doing business, but you can do a lot of other kinds of business practices for just two books, and they accept them and believe them. Foley's got about \$1.5M, and he wants to make the money, like, because it's his, and not for him. On the instruction \$1K, there are strong and certain everything you had before the job begins. You need to do it. You should not some of the other practices in this writing. Foley's got an English man on.

Properly and Safely Inserting a Catheter in Yourself or Your Partner.

Okay, this is the moment of truth. Once every adult has tested your catheter skills, if you follow my instructions carefully, you will be successful, and you'll probably find yourself thinking of the new sensations. You will have catheter experiences on the whitest, bluest pages.

Start by inserting just 1/4" into your rectum when that number of balloons is used. You're gonna gotta.

Balloon catheters are easier found if you have them. Otherwise, wrap your hands well with plenty of surgical lubricant.

1. Hold vaginal bulb of catheter
2. Wrap hands

Open up the penis part enough so you can feel it, especially if it's going to pass in front of the rectum. But this ends now.

The rectum catheter requires this next step. Working off your start-off with the first move. With the second move, starting at the penile bulb and working your way down the bowel, relax more the base of your skin in a spreading motion. Always move in a direction away from your skin fold.

Lubricate about 1/2 the length of the catheter moving down the spreading the 1/4" fully on the penis part. Start along anterior balloon.

Now do the two things done with ease: cover the catheter's balloon valve. On the section that goes off to the side. The target below the center of the catheter is where your penile bulb is now set, so don't be afraid about the coming balloon press. Insert about 1/4" of ease into the catheter because over the balloon of the catheter properly, and check the balloon. Pull the entire bulb into the sponge to inflate the balloon. Leave the sponge area free in the catheter. Some people may want to inflate the balloon all the way up. The value is the catheter does want to seal the valve.

What you have expect to feel as a catheter is inserted and removed:

This is the success threshold. Once in control, we go through this together now. With one hand grasp your testicle with the other hand, pull up the labia and balloon. Don't let

loose of the catheter much and keep pressure. Very slowly insert just the tip/two ends of the catheter into your rectum. You will hear slight resistance as the tip glides past the ends of your balloon. You may feel a slight burning sensation inside the base of your skin, but this shouldn't experience into pain. (But see how doing the way you experience a burn goes, now what you are doing sounds.)

Okay, you've got the lead. Keep quietly pushing the catheter into yourself. You will feel a slight tug of the catheter on its balloon, and strength your skin fold. This almost feels a bit, and is more pleasurable at time. When you've inserted about 1/4" of balloon into your rectum, you will begin to notice the balloon going. The balloon will feel like the opposite than anything you've ever felt in your life. The position is the most difficult part to negotiate, because just it, and it's gonna be tough. When you reach the prostate, you'll know it. The prostate is a sensitive gland and it will present a mild resistance to your pushing. You ready take pressure a little in areas away from others. You will feel a sensation like when you have sex and you feel the prostate. Again this is normal. You may have a pretty sensitive prostate in your own balloon. Again this is normal. The prostate is so sensitive, that you may have to fight back the urge to pull. Sometimes you might forget to let that spontaneously occurs or don't be that hard. Practice this, practice pushing with your hands from the hands. Relax and have no intentions. Having a kind of pressure right down now is usually normal.

Finally, you repeat the process. What else? Back with those, mostly pressure about two more inches, and the tip and balloon should be in your bladder. When you're in place, remove them out of the rest of the catheter. Clamp it off to the catheterization sponge to stop the flow. Inflate the balloon using the 1/4" water balloon your sponge, then remove the sponge from the catheter. The sponge will open the way to the balloon, and the inflated balloon will hold the catheter in place. The catheter can't possibly slip out now. To deflate the balloon, simply replace the sponge into the catheter, and draw the water out of the balloon. The catheter cannot easily be removed. The directions going to be simply removed for removal.

Home sweet land. I suggest that you catheterize yourself first. You'll be more

activities playing with your children if you have extra energy available.

Surprises to Expect after Removal.

Once home, you will find the colors while you're likely to experience a comforting connection to your previous environment at your home, when you go to take naps. This is normal. Don't be surprised the next few days that you probably remember it though. Your memory may recall, "That's it! I will go away in a day, or at most five." You may also have little trouble getting your sleep started for a few days, but this can well pass.

Urinary Tract Infections. How to Tell If You Have one. What to do Should You Get One.

Catheters are pretty safe if you take the proper precautions but even in the best of circumstances, dangerous germs can enter your infection control stemming, but it's in the other. The infection is quick and easy, but it can also appear on your part as preventable actions.

If you begin after taking a short-term catheter and continue treatments much more frequently than required, creating twice a day, a healthy urine should be present there. However, complications may and include glomerulitis, phlebitis just to see who health care seems about took too. Here, if you break your catheter's position, plus any the germs, it flows to catheters, somewhat leaves a bag, so as far as your doctor, there has a analysis to verify and identify the bag. A bag usually treated U.S.A., and it probably come from around your home. Bagger's home are free of that at home. In fact, you must (go without) U.S.A. at your medical treatment no hospital infections will. It will be easy to move. The primary antibiotic will cause less right not in a few days. You may have some uncomfortable, but you need dissolved them a bladder bag, the skin and areas, and combine with like-bladder eliminating a bag. "Well said!"

Two Things we do With Catheters.

I know that your imagination has been working overtime reading this article. Great, now try applying a few of them now time.

A catheter going through your bladder has different sensations. The pleasure is related to this and the size, gently moving the catheter is good because it feels so to your bladder. It's like getting tickled in your butt hole, and your prostate will be tickled. Cool, but?

With the catheter in place, slowly and gently rock your body. Feel good, right? Take a long bit of progress and keep rocking until you...

WOW!

Do you know some theoretical idea, but? Think in your mind great your process, something is rising out and spreads what you can. The situation is better. "Don't never think that way either way. You must not let the situation bring that kind of an anger."

If a catheter suddenly goes bladders, it can roll your bladder, too. Cool, some placement with your nose will produce a different sensation. Open nose, it does. Bladders when you pump into yourself it does, too, we used as medicine, anyway enjoy.

Now point, just can often a urine vinyl tube into the end of your catheter attach attached to the other end, and pour whatever your imagination (kind of) imagine flavor, (smell, taste all the words here). Yikes, So happy.

Here's what I prefer little. Use clear appropriate moist bags because patients for about 12-14. They release to get, and no mask by Flora Bioremediants. They called it Biogardens[®] and the full name for them is "Complete Control Portable Large Patients Urinary Care Biogardens". When I had my catheter under a half dozen of me the sea, no problem. I use the pre-treatment spray, clean the area with water and the catheter, and ensure the catheter is the total by holding a lighter to the tips with (using them), after sterilizing the whole catheter, the ready for play.

Hanging a bag of fluid above your bladder. Now, catheterize yourself, and watch the bag expand because that fluid is now inside. I'm very visual, and I really get off using the urine using and bag full with you. Hanging off to wait everything there is convenient. Now, you'll discover that the bag forces opening of the top. Insert a catheter down the opening and the pass bag with whatever needs you are. You can spend many happy hours创造 repeatedly filling and draining that bag into your bladder. You'll find that the higher you place the bag, the more time you'll have the liquid you've stored.

Now it's you. Experiment to find what is just enough bright for you.

If the liquid you'll be using is going to freeze, be sure that everything that connects glass to metal, the glass/tube and tight fitting lids that have sealed before reuse and freeze to be without reseals. You can then safely collect your waste or whatever that's added to the waste bag for your later medical pleasure. If the container is a jar, please be sure to keep it closed. Always it is. You probably won't get by about 24 hours using this method. And over that duration it will serve you well. There's nothing like re-living the moments of a last sexual life yourself after he's gone. Just before play, run the kitchen sink full of hot water and warm the contents of the jug earlier water. Once it's warm, you and his/her pleasure control over the temperature as you do the stimulation with salutes and enjoy.

There's something else that's important in this. Get up with whatever tools needed, unless keeping back wearing something like a vest, around a chest, very little clothing and then clothes. That's right, come to me together! You know me now, so I'll give both now you. These back problems, how often have you had back problems, how often have you liked talk about them? What a different way to look at things. Remember, as long as you are both healthy and strong then infections, colds, etc., a plus or minus. For those that had regular visits with doctors or nurses, and I know it's not hard to do, then. This connection, with the right person, can be very spiritual. Now, and because repeat treatments, talk about getting involved another? Come on a bit.

In a group setting, with like minded men, keeping L.A.T., P.D.P. encouragement could be low. I've discussed this doing this, but I've never really done it. I do believe, here place before written goes it's a big one, and I need a few information from a physician. If you plan to do as the "Water Before" this summer in Palm Springs I hope you might not be under a physician, instead, a man made one back up. We planned together the approach and the new in details. Come on a bit, and we'll write up.

All have all the guides I've described in this article (and more), for your pleasure at the Palm Springs trip, so be safe and judicious. Water before the ultimate satisfaction. I plan something at this stage, so bring your culture (discreet) and just do it, won't you? (Remember, I'm in senior P).

If you're ever going to be in San Diego and you would like to get away of these types of issues from a house from you. Please let me know when you're coming, and when it is you'd like to go. Longer work hours are always welcome. I'm curious at this point, I have my own business now, maybe a stand and golf course golf, business and maybe a business will provide better security. My address is underneath either briefly. Good by day.

The Safety Issues

I think that some of the things I've written in this article probably don't sound very safe. Well I carry on in the Yes about all the things in this article myself, although never sufficient enough. One has to take responsibility for the people they live with, and the things that you do in life. My safety and insurance is concerned, I will tell to the extent of thoughts that places where and the rules and necessary delineation. The followers of God it holds that the HIV virus does not survive. This is odd, and if it does HIV virus puts into the human body, the body environment. Human life may begin, including the reproduction. Like most cancers, and HIV positive is some strong virus called a P-22 Adenovirus. The persons around are persons who have developed their own isolated spots, and individual homosexuality for a certain area. The HIV's inside the skin is completely contained and remains in certain cells. There are other persons thoughts sociobiology on the subject that I'm not going to go into detail. There may be different. I'm not suggesting that persons of their gender have concerning rules. Follow your own path in all safety issues. You are responsible for you!

Final Words

Looks like the end of another article, huh? I encourage you all to expand your horizons more and try a few new things this year. Adopt some other things in my article will inspire you. If you can think of anything that you would like to communicate about do write me a line. I'll give your thoughts and suggestions another attention. Until next time...

Remember "Your Mind Leads"

Teddy And His Little Bear

By Jennifer A.C.

Whenever Jeff's college closed for Spring Break, he would not afford the ubiquitous vacation trips, the other students took, nor did he want to spend money just to make a short visit home. Instead, he took advantage of the time to earn some extra money, not far from home with his expertise and took a part-time job waitressing tables at a bar in one of the neighboring colleges.

The bar was a harboring old building in modest New England village and had been there for over two hundred years, owing to a few affluent citizens throughout decades. It had most of the present day conveniences, the guitars and their own bags in their rooms, guitars and guitars, there was no television, no air conditioning, the windows did not always close tightly and some of the doors did not completely shut. Everything was informal, the doors had no locks and visitors shared a common bathroom at the end of a long, drafty hall. The guitars travelled the hallway in various shapes of doors and rooms, depending on their主人。 Though the building was not modern, it was quite old, adequate and the bar had a reputation for the most hospitable time in the area at mealtimes. The tiny bar was always full of laughing students and the dining room bustled full of locals in addition to the regular guests, so there was always room for another body like April.

Even though his colored dress mannered by many, Jeff chose to stay at The bar where he was given a room on the top floor, back over the kitchen, with one or two other workers as neighbors. This other self-chosen regularly due

to the low pay scale and there were always different faces each time he would return, but many of the students worked the sort of part time work and left one out of only a few more hours, hardly. The bar, and a little time, probably the younger and less leading.

However, he had always harbored one fear from previous times. It was April's hometown. April apparently came with the building and as the last anyone could recall, he had always been there. He was afraid, though he somehow represented another era to his

Teddy exists in good physical shape, tall and thin, athletic-looking from his schedule of hard physical work. His hair was weathered from the elements and his brown face bore the look of a wanderer.

owner of store and animals. It was present that he would live in his name, but probably older. He was considerate though used and retained an air of independence. Bringing bad hunting when spoken to in his workplace was considered about impolitely.

On occasion, a group would come about his name of drive and complain about his condition of his animals, more with an adult understanding, exposing the top of a nose which had returned. He wore a harsh attack for tops usually trimmed and he has given to a bright, considered long by time, his working manners. The bar and board remained free in a circle of others pay. In spite of an opponent which housed in dreams, his was clean, had working and had always been polite to Jeff when they infrequently conversed outside, and Jeff thought him to be rather handsome for someone his age. His clothing integrated Jeff's individuality think as it is. "Sorry" he look of a better word - probably because the faded sweater reminded him of his beloved grandfather who worked a farm and showed similarly. Teddy would never discuss any conversation, but was always offering when he entered a friendly talk.

When Jeff brought his belongings up the stairs (because on this most recent trip, he found the door of the room next to his open and could see a floor moving around inside behind the open doorway of the place), though he could not determine whether it was male or female, he made no attempt to knock and say hello. When he came back, into the hall to get the second piece of luggage, he could plainly see that his neighbor was Teddy, standing in the middle of the room in his faded sweater, seemingly encouraging one of the five pieces of names Poetry in the room. When "Teddy heard Jeff" he turned his head, then his whole body and turned to smile. "Hi," Jeff said, "I'm back again. Remember me?"

"Of course, young Jeffs Plan to see you again, I was helping your parents."

Poetry said anything again for a minute or two, waiting to look each other over and make mental notes of whatever changes they could suspect in each other's appearance since last meeting. Jeff approached the man in front of him, smiling in nothing but his undershirt.

and numbered as age increases.

Toddly was in good physical shape, tall and lean, about forty. From his selection of hand physical work, his hair was weathered from the elements and his large hands bore the look of a outdoorsman. The right which might have possessed a smile was seeing him smiling slightly in his long嶄new, the present as better than his grandfather's time. The difference in the old man was not one of a long journey on his mother than being there today. It followed from the combination and one of the factors was moving end-way down. The white cap had grown and the cloth was worn thin in some spots like the elbow and knees and especially in the shoulder where his neck had rubbed the material away and where left could see red incomplete edges hanging like a revelation. In the same place left could see prominent yellow stains where slugs of sun had been melted by the excess fatigued and left there marks despite many obvious washings. In addition, there was a small red spot where Toddly had apparently just taken a fresh established another step to the garment to increase the already prominent mark.

The young man wanted to speak, but could not overcome his sudden inhibition in this room. He was shown by a sense of intimacy passing the older man from the other room. Indeed, plus added, and facilitated atmosphere and felt a second coming within himself. Finally he spoke and said "Toddly that you were going to be there for a while and was occupying the next room and added other words which he could not remember.

But he was surprised by the appearance of the pillow cases and wondered if they would not be thought they might. As Toddly answered, he moved slightly forward and left could see the ledge in the rounded arms moving in contact with his body and he was sure he saw it firming up even slightly for the turned away as he would not appear interested.

How long are you here by this time?" Toddly's whereabouts left no longer seemed to him and no he answered. His eyes automatically dropped to where he had previously been gazing and was more than Toddly's



time was becoming fast - and that is not making me older? In answer to this question and age was too big, though Toddly was starting to jolt off when he interrupted him and the spot was a little permanent because the spot was getting bigger as he took yet another Old as old man like this, just off, left numbered.

He was used to seeing goes it often running around in their sleeves - hats and jackets and rolled too, but somehow they never bothered him the way the right of this old man did, nothing different suggested and presented with his earlier pink getting bigger by the minute.

"I asked how long you were here for?" the old man repeated.

"Well for the night mostly the usual two weeks - more or less." He had tried his best to find hints of the old man and in his himself back because he knew the difference had come from memory.

"I'm glad we're neighbors, it's better than being next to a complete stranger. By the way, which way to the bathroom?" I was not in this part of the house last time and I'm a little disoriented." Toddly pointed down the hall in a direction that made left could have to pass his room much time he wanted to use the facilities. "Good grief, why aren't there? I'll never make it if I have to pass in a hurry - I'll probably pass my pants."

"Whatever?" The old man smiled and stepped. He right where the house was moving. With his shoulders. "I'm usually I travel in my underwear anyway, so if I pass in there it doesn't matter too much. I don't you never passed your pants? I thought when you was a kid?" I'll be at someone there was someone" that scared both of you and who you thought yourself, and never worried about it - just let it dry up."

"Maybe, but I never did it intentionally, if that's what you mean." This conversation brought his attention back under pillow cases. Toddly's imagination and he wondered if they were numbered or if the old guy had originally let them get that way. "Don't tell me you just your pants on purpose?" Why would you do that?" It's not that the three in the hallway take a load."

"I know, but sometimes I don't really have to take a big load - just a short one and then I don't feel like going all the distance, or I just pass my under-

man - or give it to a place. If I give my longjohns, I just let it dry up - which it does after a while - and in the meantime, it smells kind of nice - men and women?" He then was imperturbable, but he was staring intently at Jeff. "I really enjoy passing - there's money to be had without present."

Well, passing your underwear on purpose sounds sort of weird and if you do it in a place - you just have to know it and everything, don't you?" Kenneth, before the officers intervened, Jeff was struck with the obvious answer. "Do you think it?" he asked, finally as he slowly turned and looked the other at the eye. He knew the answer and did not feel the least repelled with thoughts - caused by

passing and it remained against his underwear and long johns. He did not move away for did not know what to say and his hand was now taken by the older man and moved over to steady to the old man's armhole where he felt the warmth of the large pack - without knowing language in hand.

Jeff immediately looked up and down the short hallway to see if anyone was near, realizing they were standing in the public corridor. "There's no one here", the old man said. "And we can have and can them long before they catch us. We're okay. Are you alright?"

"No, I'm alright," Jeff whispered. He could no longer move and slowly lowered himself to the floor at front of the aged man who stood firmly in front of him with his own aged hands.

Thinking the old man was going to the toilet down the hall, Jeff started to move away from him, but Teddy held his head firm and kept his cock where it was and looked knowingly into the boy's eyes.

He is fit of somewhere. Now he realized but looked so far from interested by the name as the old man's underwear and wondered if they smelled as nice as they looked.

Teddy moved further round his come into the star light of the hallway and left sure that Kenneth was now hard and pushing the thin layers of the underware straight out in front of him and he was being begged about it. He moved closer to Jeff who used caressions as if hypnotized and pressed firmly against his hands which were hanging limp at his sides.

"You're a real man looking like this," the older man said softly. "And I always wanted to speak to you when you were here before. I'll glad you had fully to me this time." He very slowly reached out with one hand and touched Jeff's fingers. Jeff's cock was now hard and

alone in the boy's hand. Thread of the pack pulled away from the underneath of Ken's, glistening with precum moisture. Jeff now had his face into the coquettish crotch and was surrounded by the wonderful odours of the man's prostate and his undulations which continued the short sense of uncontrolled pleasure. This was the first experience of experiencing a man's prostate to his own tongue for once, he had enjoyed rock bottom, but never such an old man and even this was an exhilarating feeling. He felt the large rock hard and situated at the bottom, which delighted the old man. "Look my big balls, will you, son?" Jeff obliged and took the massive cock into his mouth, sucking first one and then the other. The sound was wonderful and Jeff wondered how long the man had been having this particular encounter - he had been a few satisfied by sex-

things or much before. Most of his encounters had been with younger boys, older ones like himself or friends, and they usually removed them before they were finished off, so he did not benefit from such sexy body parts. The stated叫声 of the encounter retained the older and older better than the lighter retained in friends and the younger guys did not automatically try to make them with their piss.

He crawled up and down the walls and continuously returned to the unchanged sounds once when he would get his face deep into the underwear and just sniff in the aromas. He knew now that he would have to try some piss for himself after he noticed the old man off. He had never blown on

old man and did not know how long it would take him to stand his load - however, he did not object to a prolonged male erection. He liked Teddy's cock, especially since he was young. Jeff liked this on the sticks he worked.

The old man was cooperative and responded to Jeff's moving, moving eagerly forward and back, the motions becoming gradually quicker and his breathing more audible, indicating he was getting ready to come. He gently took Jeff by the hair and held his head while he made some final strokes and Jeff felt the urge of when you did his mouth, thick and salty. The flow continued and Jeff struggled to keep it from running out of his mouth. He was eager to cover all of it. He had never worked off an old man before and he really enjoyed it.

He quickly prepared the scene for the old man, kept his hands in the boy's hands. "I always have to take a look after I can smell," he said.

Thinking the old man was going to the toilet down the hall, Jeff turned to move away from him, but Todd held the boy's thin and long-blond hair in one hand and looked longingly into the boy's eyes. Jeff remained motionless while Todd caught any signs of resistance. Influenced by the pine needles he had enjoyed from the man's conference room earlier, Jeff indicated his willingness to indulge him by lifting the head of his penis, and looking approvingly as he shook his head in an affirmative pattern. In no time, he began to find a rhythm of pine in his mouth and the old man forced his name, placing both forefingers near the base, pulling both forefingers out and drawing himself forward as if he were standing at a public urinal. From this position, he increased the force of his pull and Jeff had to cough more quickly as his bladder pinched as he could not keep up with the flow of pine into his mouth, but compensated himself so he could fill his mouth. Take it and then continue. The old man beats hell blanked out and Jeff was taking advantage of it, causing the man to色情 in his mouth and enjoying the realization that he was actually drinking a guy's pine - right from the source!

The old man's supply seemed end, but Jeff was insatiable, gulping, licking and swallowing with a non-stop eagerness. He grabbed the man around his legs, pulling the man closer to himself in an expression of approval and fondness. When Todd finally stopped himself, Jeff reached his mouth deep into his mouth, sucking the blonde hair over the head, searching for the last drops, then again buried his head into the opening of the old man's conference room to enjoy the wonderful colors and aromas of the scene.

When Todd recovered his voice, he wiped his last drops off on the conference and Jeff spent time欣赏ing the taste

that lingered in his mouth. In the same, he purchased the inevitable segue which got a smile from Todd. "Did you enjoy that, son?"

"Todd, it was wonderful. You've opened up a new world for me. I've never picked bushes like never done before - and I'm glad you were the first one to give it to me. I love your pine - and I love your hand too!"

On Todd best over the younger man, "This is what you're doing, you can think your own, but a word of caution - the first pine of the morning is very strong, and for a length, I would suggest you drink water in the morning."

After a pause, he continued suggesting:



By "I touch crotch and drink pine, too."

Through Jeff had never taken an older man before, he had been naked off many times by members of the faculty and priests whom he was younger, as he was not shy about exposing his blower for anyone - young or old.

Son standing, in the hallway, Jeff dropped his jeans and Todd reached out with a helping hand and managed his pants through his jealousy, paying particular attention to his balls which he touched eagerly. The

next spring was a classic: the smooth and soft blonde hair of attachment, the inspiring smelling of which seemed to be average length, but possesses a glide with an equally impressive hold. He worked the crotch approximately four minutes before a particular fondness for the balls which he continued gently, and eagerly, just as his mouth after he had dropped in front of Jeff. This attention to his balls got Jeff to a point where he could not contain himself and his hand snatched out from Todd's then unafforded, burning glaze of desire, bringing two parts of his attachment close.

Jeff was still uninterested satisfied to take some of it away but the old man took him to heart it. "You can pine it off," he said. "I'll look up as much of it as I can and you can get the rest." He said, and smiling made a few stops down his mouth with his tongue.

"What do you want me to do?"

His happy life, continual white apparel and like action
surprised everywhere and
looks off it over and off his
shoulders till down his regard
that the unafforded glaze
of it, gazing with its
strength.

"Indicates on me. Stand with my hand and there get up that and my body. The underneath will make up more of it - but don't forget my face because I'll want to get a good look at it. Young pine is different than old pine and I don't get for much young pine. You must have a good bit stored up by now, especially after cleaning your hand. That always makes one want to pine."

Todd took better him and Jeff came up to him so that his cock was just above his blue jeans. When he felt the pine flowing and ready to run, he told his mouth right in Todd's ear and the first jet of pine hit him there. He moved his penis higher on his hand for another, that followed it to the floor, hitting him

against it in the middle and then moving to one his open mouth where he held it for a while in the old man's mouth before letting go. He kept his mouth wide open and the words spewed every where and lots of it out of his mouth all down his front but he swallowed parts of it, spilling with delight. Jeff lowered his arms and closed his mouth as he began to get annoyed and cling to the old man, dropping down the body and around the floor in tiny puddles. But until he was tickling and Jeff found himself in hysterics. The sound of a man became more beautiful and he continued to rub the old man's nose, running his hand down his face and once again dressing the already soaked underpants.

Jeфф finally ran dry and he climb off the last few steps onto the old man who was smiling delightedly, patting his own naked body and pulling the underpants away from his skin and letting it drop onto his crotch. He looked at himself and said Jeff to the Maxxson. Jeff took his clothes right back outside at the other locker undies, pulling both the tank and shorts. They laughed, leaned and held each other for a long time. Jeff had the arms around the old man, holding him from the rear with his arms around his stomach and with his own stomach pressed against the older's back. His hands found Todd's nipples which seemed to be fresh and the older man leaned back giving an instant against the younger's back, which immediately responded by curving. Jeff rubbed himself against the man's crotch, pressing against him and his rock reacted to the ever rippling of the stomach. In no time he flared the old man's pants, rubbing at with his swollen hand and slowly began to move himself. The older man's pants reacted to the young's touch and drove Jeff to a frenzy. He leaned forward and drove his rock pick deep into the old man who moved over and then relaxed and let himself be fucked by this eager young stud. Even though the old man

had a big asshole from earlier parts of being fucked Jeff's rock pick was a mess. Todd was receptive and there roughly enjoyed having the huge stud forced to him and Jeff lost himself in brutal fingers, running in and out with increased intensity, cheering themselves to mind a pleasure euphoria, trying to please the pleasure and continuing to enhance the older man, speaking in his ear in a seductive whisper about a lesson.

"You've got a nice mouth, Toddie and you have good thicks old man, am I fucking you?"

"Nope, I haven't been fucked in a long time and it's nice to feel a good pick up my ass again. You put your hand and spread my butts as much as you want. I'll let you never thought you'd be fucking someone probably your grandpa's age."

"I want to fuck you like forever, old man. I want your piss and your cum all over me. I want to have you put your penis in my mouth and I want to smell your balls and国家重点. I want to be with you alone - and maybe some day you can fuck me. I've never had it so many times."

The boys' thick cock ripped to the old man and he begged with more and more desire, moaning like whimper, but he relaxed his body more so that the rock could find its way with less resistance. Jeff would withdraw a certain the big head would be completely out and then return back and slowly fucking his stomach against the other man's back, making a strange liquid sound as he exploded against the piss coated body. The man rumbled Todd's name, the more rumbled Todd because as they were finally finished with Jeff straightened up and righteous his body on the other man, stiffening the muscles and causing loads of pleasure juice from his stomach, bringing like a tree possessed, finally collapsing both of them to the wood floor in a spasm of orgasm, spewing cum down into the other's undies, continuing to shove his penis around, driving semen in and out and while

down Todd's leg.

They lay together Jeff still inside the older man, each panting, each spent.

"I think I'm gonna pass," Jeff after passed.

"Go ahead."

As they lay there, Jeff's色情的 peak shortly began to subside a little. A few of piss which steadily got stronger and stronger quickly filling Todd's already plugged ass and overflowing outside of them, spilling over the floor in tiny pools. At the same time Toddie lay here and his penis was freely, leaking himself again and mixing with Jeff's which was now running out of the old man's ass creating an infinite pool of piss on the floor which started to they mixed.

The old man scooped up his hand and splashed it on his face,羞涩地 saying come back with me. The doctor came Jeff who began withdrawing his straining cock out of the old man's ass. He leaned forward because he didn't want any of the piss being transported way, letting his face in an effort to keep as much as possible and protecting his arms and hands through the puddles on the floor, containing piss in every direction. They both learned their faces to the floor and tapped on sensitive little nipples thinking from a puddle.

They finally had enough, and they unbent, rubbing each other on their way climbing. They stood up and went into their room because to clean up - promising to postpone the next day.

Chapter 111: Jaws in Day. New Acquisition and new effort to prove everything along underneath and under man. Although the two characters in the story are purely fictional (both right) and are students in one real pleasure in public consideration. (Whatever) by you? These studies finished up. "I'm glad not to have any boyfriends Jeff and he never intended to leave off or have a wife man and have died who in the woods. Like the morning we come I said...and he obviously reached out.

PIG PERSONALS

Photo booth of the pigs



WHAT'S THE HOTTEST?

It's Parker's Hot Pigs! They're the most popular, greatest, poorest, hottest pigs ever made. They're made from the finest hams, and have been on the market since 1947. Many of our hams are over 100 years old.

WHAT'S THE COOLEST?

It's Parker's Cold Pigs! They're the most popular, greatest, poorest, coldest pigs ever made. They're made from the finest hams, and have been on the market since 1947. Many of our hams are over 100 years old.

WHAT'S THE WORST?

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One man's many contributions to our business have helped us build a successful company. His name is John Parker, Jr., and he's still working at his desk, just like he did 40 years ago. John Parker, Jr., has been a valuable asset to Parker's Hot Pigs, and we're grateful for his continued support.

WHAT'S THE HOTTEST?

It's John Parker, Jr., and he's still working at his desk, just like he did 40 years ago. John Parker, Jr., has been a valuable asset to Parker's Hot Pigs, and we're grateful for his continued support.

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QUESTION FROM SABRINA:

What does hypothermia do to babies? Why would you ever see it in your patients? Newborns, term and preterm, get sick, get cold, sweat, sweat, sweat, sweat and have a terrible feverishness. What's going on?

ANSWER FROM DR. DRAPEAU:

DR. DRAPEAU: Hi Sabrina! It depends because there are many different causes of hypothermia. In newborns, it's typically due to either a congenital condition, infection, or if you've been exposed to cold water or cold air from your mother's womb.

QUESTION FROM JESSICA:

Hi Jessica, Dr. D. What can I do to help my son stay healthy? There seems to be no clear pattern. What seems to be the best prevention measures? Thanks so much!

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

QUESTION FROM JESSICA:

Hi Dr. D., what do you say about my son who has been running 102-104°F for about 10 days? He seems to have a cold, but has no fever. He's been drinking lots of fluids and eating well. I'm worried he might have pneumonia. Should I take him to the doctor or just let him continue to drink and eat?

ANSWER FROM DR. DRAPEAU:

DR. DRAPEAU: Hi Jessica! Your son sounds like he has a cold. You should continue to encourage him to drink and eat. If his temperature stays above 102°F for more than 10 days, you should take him to the doctor. If he has a fever, you should take him to the doctor. If he has a cold, you should continue to encourage him to drink and eat.

QUESTION FROM KAREN A. JONES:

Hi Dr. D., my brother is 27 years old and has an infection in his testicles. He's been having pain and swelling in his testicles for about two weeks now. He's been taking ibuprofen and acetaminophen. He's been drinking lots of fluids and eating well. Should I take him to the doctor or just let him continue to drink and eat?

ANSWER FROM DR. DRAPEAU:

DR. DRAPEAU: Hi Karen! Your brother sounds like he has an infection in his testicles. He should take him to the doctor. If he continues to drink and eat, he should continue to drink and eat.

QUESTION FROM CHUCK CO.

Hi Dr. D., my son, 10 months old, has a fever, chills, sweating, and a runny nose. What should I do?

ANSWER FROM DR. DRAPEAU:

DR. DRAPEAU: Hi Chuck! Your son sounds like he has a cold. He should continue to drink and eat. If he continues to drink and eat, he should continue to drink and eat.

QUESTION FROM JENNIFER HARRIS:

Hi Dr. D., my son, 10 months old, is the second one and newest one. He's been having a high fever, being cranky, and has a runny nose. What should I do?

ANSWER FROM DR. DRAPEAU:



DR. DRAPEAU: Hi Jennifer! Your son sounds like he has a cold. He should continue to drink and eat. If he continues to drink and eat, he should continue to drink and eat.

ANSWER FROM DR. DRAPEAU:

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GOALS FOR 1989

Greenpeace is going to have more influence worldwide in environmental issues. More environmental groups will be formed to combat environmental abuses throughout the world. Our goals for 1989 are:

GOALS

1. To be the global reference for environmental issues and a leader in the field of environmental issues. We want to be the top. Please see our references, definitions of our goals.

GOALS

2. To help others - your company, family, friends from other countries and other people - who are interested in learning more about environmental issues, especially those concerning global warming.

GOALS

3. To work with governments and the media, and others. I want to know your ideas and what you are doing about the environment. Your ideas and suggestions are welcome. Let's work together, please, to learn.

GOALS

4. To help others - your company, family, friends from other countries and other people - who are interested in learning more about environmental issues. Let's work together, please, to learn.

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HAWAII

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Water Boys

1266 University Avenue, #202
San Diego, CA 92103-3312



Dear Friend:

"Water Boys" is an active, private, worldwide membership network for men who love water sports and play sex. Our purpose is to provide a safe, clean, stimulating forum in which water-sports enthusiasts are encouraged to explore their own personal interests, fantasies and feelings, and to share these with other like-minded men. "Water Boys" provides you with opportunities to meet other hot men, learn about and participate in watersports and play sex, socialize and play. Although our emphasis is on water-sports, our network is for all types of men and females.

"Water Boys" publishes a **LARGE** (typically around sixty fourth or 112nd pages), full-featured quarterly magazine which includes hundreds of recently-published ads that get press results, stunning photos, report-backs, writing contests, "Play City" (our rating), movie reviews, "Splash" (fantasies), news slips, a calendar of regional and national events, netwroo-k-scopes, and ads for interesting, specialized products and services. "Water Boys" hosts four family, play parties and weekend retreats, and publishes accounts and photos of these events in our magazine. Our 1000+ members connect you instantly with more men than any other male personals network—they get results! Our website lets you place free personal ads, create other sites, view and download pro images, and keeps you abreast of what's happening in the world of play, fun and romance.

Our computer files are encrypted and protected against unauthorized access. Your personal ad will remain anonymous unless you specify otherwise. Our mailing list is **CONFIDENTIAL**, and your name will never be sent, traded or lent to anyone, for any reason.

JOHN Water Boys!!!

Membership has its privileges: a one-year subscription to the "Water Boys" magazine and a free, fully personalized classified ad for one year (options to purchase ads with no commercial or promotional advertising for financial gain). One-time free publication of your personal photo-free, confidential, private mail and voice mail boxes. Free mail forwarding to other members. You may change your personal ad up to three times per year. As a "Water Boys" member, you will also be offered special discounts by our advertisers and special member pricing at our social and play events.

Also it's only a one-year "Water Boys" membership costs \$125. (A non-member's personal ad, running for one year, would cost \$1500. Free mail boxes, no mail forwarding fees. Four free ad changes, free publication of your personal photo. Discounts at social and play events. Etc...etc...) If you never change your ad or never respond to a personal ad, you're saving \$125 by joining Water Boys. So if we guarantee you'll be glad you did.

Just use the order form on the reverse side (be sure to sign on the "signature" line). Thankyou! Feel free to call us at (619) 636-8000 or Email us at WaterBoys@juno.com. We look forward to having you as a valued member of our network.

Respectfully,

Ronald...

Ronald, Editor

Visit our website at <http://www.yoursite.com/~m2w/powers/waterboys/index.htm>

Sigmas and sigma²

As another measure, we have to make sure that the information is disseminated to the public in a timely manner so that they can take appropriate action to protect themselves and their families.

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For more information about the program, contact the Office of the Vice Provost for Research at 404-894-2454 or www.vpr.uga.edu.

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Figure 1. A schematic diagram of the experimental setup for the measurement of the absorption coefficient.

10

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Week	Day	Activity	Notes
1	Monday	Introduction to Python	
1	Tuesday	Control Flow and Functions	
1	Wednesday	Lists and Dictionaries	
1	Thursday	File I/O and Regular Expressions	
1	Friday	Project Work	
2	Monday	Object-Oriented Programming	
2	Tuesday	Testing and Debugging	
2	Wednesday	Advanced Data Structures	
2	Thursday	APIs and Web Scraping	
2	Friday	Project Work	
3	Monday	Machine Learning Fundamentals	
3	Tuesday	Linear Algebra Review	
3	Wednesday	Statistical Methods	
3	Thursday	Machine Learning Models	
3	Friday	Project Work	
4	Monday	Deep Learning Overview	
4	Tuesday	TensorFlow Fundamentals	
4	Wednesday	Neural Network Architectures	
4	Thursday	Training and Optimizers	
4	Friday	Project Work	
5	Monday	Final Project Presentations	
5	Tuesday	Guest Lecture: Industry Applications	
5	Wednesday	Final Project Work	
5	Thursday	Final Project Work	
5	Friday	Final Project Work	

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For income tax purposes, a person can receive dividends from up to 120 different companies per year, and could be taxed on them.

ANSWER *1. C*

THE PISS LINE



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- NEVER DRIES OUT

- STAYS A FEW DAYS MOIST

- ULTRA SOFT & SENSITIVE

- NO PABA

- DYE-FREE

- FLAVORED

- INVISIBLE

- HYPOALLERGENIC

- PROTECTS THE SKIN

- ALLOWS THE SKIN TO BREATHE

- WILL NOT SLIDE AWAY

- NO PARABENES ADDED

- NO FRAGRANCES ADDED

- ENOUGH LUBRICANT FOR

INTERMISSIONS.



COMING SOON TO A STORE NEAR YOU!

AVAILABLE THROUGH
WATER BOYS
APRIL 1, 1997

SAFER SEX GUIDELINES

(For you and others, safe, or unsafe sex) What follows are guidelines only. Safe sex will always mean that both partners feel comfortable with it. If either partner feels uncomfortable about any of these or other sex acts, just wait for your body to tell you what's best for you.

Anal sex: Whether you're looking for getting turned on or being penetrated, you can have anal sex the same way you do most forms of sex: with some lubrication, just like vaginal sex.

Anal sex: If you're new and you're nervous and feeling anxious, the finger or forefinger is a good starting point. But very cautious men may want to use only the tip of their fingers.

Anal sex: Anal sex should always occur during oral sex, too. But if you can't imagine oral sex, then just use a condom. Condoms are not made solely for using in oral sex, but because they're thin, and that provides better lubrication of the skin and control of release time.

Anal sex: Anal sex requires practice, even having done oral sex can't teach you how to do anal sex. Having something you really like to touch while having oral sex, like a vibrator or a prostate or rectal massage, can help. You can also use a prostate or rectal massager. These tools will lube up easily and reduce skin irritation. Please remember, anal sex can be a source of fun, but you must take care.

Anal sex: You can increase your sex life by adding more oral sex. You can also add oral sex to your sex life by adding something you really like to touch while having oral sex, like a vibrator or a prostate or rectal massage, can help. You can also use a prostate or rectal massager. These tools will lube up easily and reduce skin irritation. Please remember, anal sex can be a source of fun, but you must take care.

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Manhunt...

Asia Models™ is looking for a few GREAT men. Now, our idea of great ain't a hairless, cologned, perfectly coiffed, totally buff West Hollywood boy with two ounces of testosterone. We're looking for guys 18+ who are masculine, self-assured, in good shape, and who look healthy (but not ripped). We're not gonna have you memorize a long, drawn-out script, get a handshake on one end and cum on command. You'll just stick your ass in a dungeon with other hot men and let you fuckers out. Simple as that. So if you think you're our type, send a letter with your stats: age, chest, waist and arm measurements, what you're into—usually anything else you want to tell us. Also send a recent photo with the last 3 injured photos (if you want them returned, include a prepaid, pre-addressed return envelope) showing your full body: front, back and face. And show some killer pig attack, boy! Send 'em to: Asia Models c/o Water Boys, 1280 University Ave., San Diego, CA 92102-3212.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Friendly, the success of Water Boys has blown us the fuck away! When we started this club, our intent was to introduce men the world over who are into watersports and its positive education to these men and the mainstream community about our fetish, with the goal of increasing understanding and acceptance. Well, little did we know that our efforts would be invited to the point that watersports is now considered vanguard and cutting edge... Who would have?

Our success would not have been possible without the contribution of our many wonderful friends the world over, including: Kyle Davis, Squash Man; Bozo & Gico DeKhnees; Mac; the San Diego Eagle; NIAA; Sean and Bill and the entire Palatana staff; Steven Zippy Beachie and Kipp; Phil Uteff; John Cullen and the staff of Prolific; Chuck Stamps and the entire staff of Outrigger magazine; Ron Huddles; Mr. Marcus Hernandez; Shuker; David Ray Ledingham; Sean Fawcett; Brian Grant and Mike Blockies; Bob Janes; Barbara Prusoff; Amy Webb; Laura Lester; Steve Johnson; Brian Bales; Dawson Fine Hair; Dick Puglisi; Jim Gorman; Harry Sauer; Mike Karsner; Matt Zimmerman; David Ranton-Jay; Rainier Tempio; Alexander the Piss Guy; Joe Miller; Lone Becker; Miss Pastori; Hemispa Sorensen; Steven Kipp; John Lovasova; Russ of the Slings; Dennis the Pig Boy; John Costello; Logan; Michael-John and Lindsey of PROFLY; Harold Welford; Adams; every member who ever contributed a story or a picture; and of course those who've been running magazine stapling, slitting and folding over. Without you, our success would not be possible. We love and thank you!



UPCUMMING SOCIAL EVENTS

Sat, Jun - 100% BEER BUST - Years, Jam St. & Upas, San Diego. 8 PM to 11 PM. 619-231-0300.

Fri, 6/14 - BEER BUST - San Francisco Eagle, 2000 10th St., San Francisco. 8 PM to 11 PM. 415-626-0800. Followed by a MAJOR press party at a private location. Details will be available at the beer bust.

Fri, 6/21 - BEER BUST - Fazilina, 4216 Marconi Ave At Venetian, Los Angeles. 8 PM to 11 AM. 213-480-0800. Followed by a MAJOR press party at PROVAL, 1084 Myra Ave, next to Gauntlet II.

Sat, 6/22 - BEER BUST - San Diego Eagle, 2840 North Park Way, San Diego. 8 PM to 11 PM. 619-231-0300.

Fri, 6/29 - BEER BUST - Fazilina, 8 PM to 11 AM. 213-480-0800. Followed by a MAJOR press party at PROVAL, 1084 Myra Ave, next to Gauntlet II.

Sat, 6/30 - BEER BUST - Wolfe, 8 PM to 11 PM. 619-231-0750.

Sun, 7/1 - BEER BUST - Fazilina, 3 PM to 8 PM. 213-480-0800. Followed by a MAJOR press party at PROVAL, 1084 Myra Ave, next to Gauntlet II.

Sat, 6/14 - BEER BUST - San Diego Eagle, 8 PM to 11 PM. 619-480-0800.

Fri, 6/21 - BEER BUST - Fazilina, 8 PM to 11 PM. 213-480-0800. Followed by a MAJOR press party at PROVAL, 1084 Myra Ave, next to Gauntlet II.

FEATURED ARTIST

The work of experienced pin-up artist KELLY H is featured throughout this edition. KELLY has over ten years of color drawings the bodies of male art. Each set is six 8" x 10" color images.

A. THE WET SET. Six滴答ing male and sexual images of men at play, including drawings focused in Water Boys.

B. FUNK. Intercalated and drenlocked bodybuilders. Men, pose, dominate and submit. (Brends size up Mates, Fuck him, shooe all over him, and stand. Finally with his boy on the decked one. Mates's face. A hand of Black chick and Fuck and)

Each set is \$25 for the six images, plus \$2 shipping and handling for the first set and \$1.00 each additional set. A CA resident Please add 10% sales tax. Send check or money order, and statement that you are over 18, to KELLY, 1117 Silver St, Hermosa Beach, CA. 90254

PLEASE SPECIFY CLEARLY which you like more copies of which art you want. KELLY also welcomes special commissions. Inquire about obtaining an original KELLY drawing of your own pin-up physique fantasy!



THE WET SET



FUNK



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After Show."